The thrie Tailes of the thrie Preists of Peblis.

Containing manie notabill examples and sentences, and (that the paper should not be voide) supplyit with sundrie merie tailes, verie pleasant to the Reader, and mair nor ellis corrected nor the former Impression.

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CVM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.

THE PREFACE.

IN Peblis town ſum tyme as I heard tell,
The ſoyreſt day of Febzuare befell:
Thzie Pzeiſts went vnto collatioun,
Into ane pziuie place of the ſaid toun,
Quhair that thay ſat richt ſoft and vnfuteſair,
Thay luſit not na rangald noz repair.
And gif I ſall the ſuith reckin and ſay,
I traiſt it was vpon Sanct Bzyds day.
Quhair that thay ſat ful eaſilie and ſoft,
With monie lowd lauchter vpon loft:
And wit ze weil thir thzie thay maid gude cheir,
To them thair was na dainteis than too deir
With thzie fed capons on a ſpeit with creiſche,
With monie vther ſindzie dyuers meis:
And them to ſerue thay had nocht bot a boy,
Fra cumpanie thay keipit them ſa coy,
Thay luſit nocht with lauzy noz with lown,
Noz wuth trumpours to trauel thzow the town:
Bot with them ſelf quhat thay wald tel oz crak,
Umquhyle ſadlie, vmquhyle iangle and iak.
Thus ſat thir thzie beſyde ane feldan fyze,
Quhil thair capons war roiſtit lim and lyze:
Befoir them was ſone ſet a Roundel bzicht,
And with ane clene clath fynelie dicht.
It was ouirſet and on it bzeid was laid,
The eldeſt than began the grace and ſaid
And bleſſit the bzeid with Benedicere,
With Dominus Amen, ſa mot I the.
And be thay had dzunken about a quarte,
Than ſpak ane thus that Maiſter was in Arte:
And to his name thair callit Iohne was he.
And ſaid ſen we ar heir Pzeiſts thzie,
Syne wants nocht be him that maid the Mone,
Til vs wee think ane tail ſould cum in tune:
Than ſpak ane ather to name hecht M. Archebald,

MERY TAILES.

ANe cunning Painter thair
was dwelling in London,
quhilk had a fair zoung
wyfe, and for things he had to
do went ouer the Sea, bot be-
cauſe he was ſumquhat ielous
he prayed his wyfe to be con-
tent that he micht paint ane
lambe vpon hir belly, and pray
ed hir that it micht remaine
thair til he come hame againe,
quhairwith ſho was content.
After quhilk lambe ſa painted,
he departed, and ſone efter that
ane luſtie zoung Merchant, a
Bacheler came and ſuited his
wyfe and obrayned hir fauour,
ſo that ſho was content that he
ſould lye with hir, quha reſort-
ed to hir, and had his pleaſour
often tymis And on a tyme he
tuke a Penſel, and to the lambe
he painted twa hornes, wening
to the wyfe that he had bot re-
freſhed the auld painting. Bot
at the laſt about a zeir after hir
husband came hame againe, &
the firſt nicht he lay with his
wyfe he luked vpon his wiues
belly and ſaw the twa hornes
painted thair, hee ſaid to his
wyf that ſome other body had
bene beſide thair, and maid a
new painting, for the picture
that he painted had na hornes,
& this hath hornes. To quhom
his wyfe ſhortly anſwered and
ſaid: zea ſir, remember that it is
azeir paſt and mair ſen ze went,
and thocht it war bot a lambe
quhen ze went, now perdie, it

must neids be a sheip and haue hornes by the course of nature, and thairfoir ze must be content. This man heiring his wyfis resonabill answer, held him content, & asked no moir.

Of him that played, &c.

IT fortunit that in a market Toun in the county of Suffolk their was a stage play, in the quhilk play one called Iohne Adroynes, quhilk dwelled in anothir village two myles frō thence played the deuil. And quhen the play was done, this Iohn Adroynes in the euening departit from the said market Toun, to go hame to his awin hous. And becaus he had thair no change of clothing, he went forth in his Deuils apparell, quhilk in that way comming hame ward, he came throwe a warren of conies belanging to a gentilman of the village, quhair he himself dwelt. At quhilk tyme it fortuned ane Preist a Vicar of a Kirk thereby with two or thrie vnthriftie fellowes, had brocht with them a hors a hey and a Ferit, to the intent thair to get conyes. And quhen the ferit was in the eirth & the hey set ouer the path way quhair this Iohn Adroines sould cum, this preist and his other fellowis saw him him come in the Deuils rayment considdering that they wer in the deuils seruice and steiling of conies, & supposing it had bene the deuil in deid, for feir thay ran all away. This Iohne Adroynes in the deuils rayment becaus it was sūquhat dark

Now be the hieft Ieuin quod he I hald,
To tel ane tail me think I sould not tyne,
To hald my fute out of this felloun fyre.
Than spak the third to name hecht S. Williame
To grit clargie I can not count nor clame,
Nor zit I am not trauellit as ar ze,
In monie sundrie Land bezond the See.
Thairfoir me think it nouther shame nor sin,
Ane of zow twa the first tail to begin.
Heir Ipocrit than spak maister Archebald,
Ane trauellit Clark suppois I be cald:
Presumpteouslie I think not to presume,
As I that was neuer trauellit bot to Rome.
To tel ane tail bot eirar I suppone,
The first tail tald mot be Maister Iohne:
For he hath bene in monie vncouth Land,
In Pozeingale and in Cuise the grand.
In fyue kinrikis of Spane al hes he bene,
In foure chrystin and ane heathin I wene:
In Rome Flanders and in Uenice toun,
And vther Lands sundrie vp and doun,
And for that he spak first of ane tail,
Thairfoir to begin he sould not fail.
Than speiks Maister Iohne now be the Rude,
Me to begin ane tail sen ze conclude:
And I deny than had I fair offendit.
The thing begun, the soner it is endit.

The first taill tald be Maister Iohne.

A King thair was sumtyme and eik a Queene
As monie in the Land befoir had bene:
This King gart set ane plane Parliament,
And for the Lords of his kinrik sent:
And for the weilfair of his Realme and gyde,
The thrie Estaits concludit at that tyde:
The King gart call to his Palice al thrie,
The Estaits ilkane in thair degrie.
The Bishops first with Prelats and Abbottis,

With

With thair Clarks seruants and Harlottis:
Into ane hall was large richt hie and hugge,
Thir Pylats all richt lustelie couth iudge.
Syne in ane hal fulfair farrand,
He iudgit al the Lords of his Land,
Syne in ane Hal was vnder that ful clene,
He harbourit al his Burgessis rich and bene
Sa of thir thrie Estaits al and sum,
In thir thrie Hals he gart the wplest cum,
And of thair mery cheir quhat mak I mair,
Thay fuir als weil as onie folk micht fair.
The King himself come to this Burgessis bene.
And thir wordis to them carps I wene
And says welcum Burgessis my beild and blis,
Quhen ze fair weil I may na-mirths mis.
Quhen that zour ships halds hail and sound,
In riches, gudes and weilfair I abound:
Ze ar the caus of my lyfe and my cheir,
Out of far Lands zour Marchandice cums heir.
Bot ane thing is for short the cause quhy,
Togidder heir zow gart cum haue I.
To zow I haue ane questioun to declair,
Quhy Burges bairns thryues not to the thrid air,
Bot cast away it that thair eldars wan,
Declair me now this questioun gif ze can.
To zow I gif this questioun al and sum,
For to declair againe the morne I cum.
Unto his Lords than cumen is the King,
Dois glaidlie al he said hath als and zing,
My lustie Lords my Leiges and my lyfe,
I am in sturt quhen that ze ar in stryfe.
Quhen ze haue peace and quhen ze haue plesance,
Than I am glade and merlie may I dance,
Ane heid dow not on bodie stand allane,
For out members to be of micht and mane.
For to vphald the bodie and the heid,
And sickerlie to gar it stand in steid.
Thairfoir my Lords and my Barrouns bald,
To me al hail ze ar help and vphald.

dark saw not the hey bot went forth in haist & stumblit thair at, and fell doun, that with the fall he had almoist brocken his neck Bot quhen he was a littill reuiued, he luked and spied it was a hey to catch conies, and luked forther and saw yat they ran away for feir of him, and saw a hors tyed to a bush laden with conyes quhilk thay had taken, and he tuke the hors and the hey and leipt vpon the hors & rode to the gentilmans place that was Lord of the Warren, to the intent to haue thanks for taking such a praye. And quhen he come thether, hee knockit at the zet and anon an of the gentilmans seruants asked quha wes thair, and sodenlie opened the zet, and as sone as he perceued him in the deuils rayment, he was sodinly abashed, and barred the dore againe, and went vnto his Maister, and said and swore vnto his Maister, that the deuil was at the zet and would cum in. The Gentilman heiring him tell so, called another of his seruants, and bade him go to the zet to knowe quho was thair. This second seruant come to the zet, and durst not open it, bot asked with a loud voyce quho was thair. This Iohne Adroynes in the deuils apparell answered with a hie voyce and said, tel thy Maister I must neids speik with him or I go. The seruant heiring that answeir supposing it had bene the deuil went in againe to his maister and said thus: it is the

And deuil

deuil in deid that is at the zet, and sayeth he must neids speik with zow or he go hence. The gentilman than began a lytill to abaith, and called the stewart of his hous quhilk was the wy sest seruant that hee had, and bad him ga to the zet and bring him suir word quha was thair. This stewart, becaus he thocht he wald see suirlie quha was thair came to the zet and lukit throuch the chaines of the zet in diuers places, and saw weill it was a deuil sitting vpon ane horsse, and saw vpon the sadel torris the cony heidis hinging doun. Than he came to his maister affrayd in greit haist & said, sweiring, it is the deuil in deid that is at the zet sitting vpon a horse laden al with saulis, and by lyklihode he is come for zour saull purpoislie and lacketh bot it, and gif he had it, I wene he wald be gone. The Gentilman heiring this, was meruelously afraide, and called his Chaplen, and maid the haly candill to be licht, and gat halie water, and went to the zet with als manie seruants as durst ga with him, quhair the Chaplen with halie words of conjuratioun said: In the name of the Father and sone and the halie gaist, I conjure thee and charge theein the halie name of God to tell mee quhy and quhairfoir thou cumest hither. This Iohne Adroynes in the deuils apparell heiring thame begin to conjure efter sik maner, said: Nay nay be not afraid, for I am a gude Deuill, I am Iohne

And now I will ze wit with diligence,
Quhairfoir that I gart cum sik confluence:
And quhy ze Lords of my Parliament,
I haue gart cum I will tel my intent.
Ane questioun I haue ze mon declair,
That in my minde is euer mair and mair:
Quhairfoir and quhy and quhat is the cais,
Sa worthie Lords war in myne elders dais,
Sa full of fredome worship and honour,
Hardie in hart to stand in euerie stour:
And now in zow I find the hail contrair,
Thairfoir this dout and questioun ze declair:
And it declair vnder the hiest pane,
The mone this tyme quhen that I cum agane.
THAN till his Clergie came this nobil King,
Welcum Bishops he said with my blissing:
Welcum my bedemen, my bleste and al my beild,
To me ze ar baith Helmet Speir and Scheild.
For richt as Hoples stude vpon the Mont,
Prayand to God of Heuin as he was wont,
And richt sa by zour deuoit Oratioun,
Myne enemies tould put to confusioun,
Ze ar the gamest gait and gyde to God,
Of al my Realme ze ar the reul and rod:
Ir that ze do me think it sould be done,
Quhen that ze think I haue ane sunzie sone.
Thus be zow ay ane example men tais,
And as ze say than al and sundrie sayis:
It that ze think richt or zit ressoun,
To that can I nor na man haue oppessoun,
And that ze think vnressoun or wrang,
Wee al and sundrie sings the samin sang:
Bot ane thing is I wald ze vnderstude,
The cause into this place for to conclude,
Quhairfoir and quhy I gart zow hidder cum,
My Clargie and my Clarks al and sum:
To zow I haue na vther tail nor theame,
Exceptand to zow Bishops a probleame.
Quhilk is to me ane questioun and dout,

Out

Out of my mynd I wald ze put it out,
That is to say quhairfoir and quhy,
In auld tymes and dayes of ancestry.
Sa monie Bischops war and men of Kirk,
Sa grit wil had ay gude warkes to wirk:
And throw thair prayers maid to God of micht,
The dum men spak, the Blind men gat pair sicht,
The Deif men heiring, the Crukit gat thair feit,
War nane in bail, bot weill thay culd them beit.
To seik folks or into sairnes syne,
Til al thay wald be mendis and medicyne.
And quhairfoir now in zour tyme ze warie,
As thay did than, quhairfoir sa may not ze,
Quhairfoir may not ze as thay did than,
Declair me now this questioun gif ze can.

To the Burgessis.

VPON the morne efter seruice and meat,
The King came in and sat doun in his sait:
Into the Hal amang the Burges men,
With him ane Clark with ink paper and pen.
And bad them that thay sould forzoutin mair,
His questioun reid assolze and declair:
And the Burgessis that this questioun weil knew,
Hes ordaned ane wyse man and ane trew.
The questioun to reid forzoutin fail,
And he stude vp, and this began his tail.

The answeir to the first questioun.

EXCELLENT hie richt michty prince & King,
Zour Hienes heir wald faine wit of this thing:
Quhy Burges bairnis thrysis not to the thrid air
Can neuer thrywe bot of al baggis is bair.
And euer mair that is forzo to say,
Jf that thair Eldars wan thay cast away:
This questioun declair ful weill I can,
Thay begin not quhair thair fathers began.
Bot with ane hielp hart baith daft and derft,
Thay ay begin quhair that thair fathers left:
Of this mater largelie to speik mair,
Quhy that thay thrywe not to the thrid air.

Becaus

Iohne Adroyns zour nichbour, dwelling in this Toun, and he that played the deuil to day in the play. I haue brocht my maister a dozen or twa of his awin coyes that wer stolne in his warren, and thair horse and thair hey and made thame for feir to run away. And quhen yai hard him thus speik, by his voyce knew him weil inouch, and opened ye zet, and let him cum in. And sa al the forsaid feir and dreid was turned to myrth and sport.

¶ The sick man, &c.

THAIR was a ritch man quhilk lay sair sick in his bed like to die, quhairfoir his eldest sone came to him and besechit him to giue him his blessing. To quhome the Father said, Son, thou sal haue Gods blessing and myne, and becauſe thou hes bene euer gude of condicions. I giue and bequeth the al my Land. To quhome he answered and said: nay Father, I trust ze sall lyue and occupy them zour self be Gods grace. Sone efter that come his secõd son lykewayis, and desyred his blessing. To quhome the father said, becauſe thou hast bene euer kynde and gentil, I giue ye Gods blessing and myne, and bequeth the all my moueabill gudes, to quhome he answered and said, na Father, I trust zow sal liue and do weil and spend and vse zour gudes zour self by Gods grace. Anon efter that the thrid son came to him & desired his blising, to quhom the father answered and said,

becauſe

becauſe thou heſt bene euill & ſtubborne and wouldeſt neuer be ruled be counſel, I haue neither lands nor gudes vnbequeathed, bot only ane litill vacand ground quhair a gallows ſtandeth, quhilk now I giue & bequeath vnto thee, & gods curſſe withall To quhom his ſon anſwered as his brethren did, and ſaide, nay father, I truſt ze ſall liue and be in gude health, and haue it and occupy it zour ſelfe by Gods grace. Bot efter the father dyed, and this thrid Son ſo continued ſtil in his vnthriftie conditions, quhairfoir it wes his fortoun efterwarde for his deſeruing to be hanged on the ſame gallowes.

¶ The ſcholer that bare his, &c.

IN the Vniuerſitie of Oxford thair was a ſcholer that delytit mekill to ſpeik eloquent Engliſh, and curious termes, and come to the Cobler with his ſhoes (quhilk war pyked befoir as they vſed in that ſeſoun) to haue them clouted, and ſaid in this wyſe, Cobler I pray the ſet me two traingles, and two ſemicircles vpon my ſubpeditales & I ſal giue the for thy labour. The Cobler becaus he vnderſtude him not half weil anſwered ſhortlie and ſaid, Sir, zour eloquence paſſeth my intelligence, bot I promiſe zow gif ze medle with me, the clouting of zour ſhone wil coſt zow ſaxtene pennies.

¶ A womans tong, &c.

A certaine artificer of London thair was quhilk was ſoir ſick and could not weill diſgeſt his meit,

Becaus thair fathers purelie can begin,
With hay and halfpenny and a Lambs ſkin:
And purelie ran fra town to town on feit,
And than richt oft werſchop were and weit.
Quhilk at the laſt of manie ſmals couthmak,
Quhen bonie pedder ane gude ſute pak:
At tikane fair this chopman ay was fund,
Quhil that his pak was with fourtie pund.
To beir his pak quhen that he faillit force,
He bocht ful ſone ane mekil ſtalwart hors:
And at the laſt ſo worthelie vp wan,
He bocht ane Cart to carie Pot and Pan:
Baith Flanders Coffers with Counters and Kift
He wor a grund rich man or ouir wift,
And ſyne vnto the town to ſel and by,
He beid a chop to ſel his chaffery,
Than bocht he wol and wyſelie couth it wey,
And efter that ſone ſaplit he the Sey:
Than come he hame a verie potent man,
And ſpoulit ſyne a michtie wyfe richt than.
He ſaplit ouer the Sey ſa oft and oft,
Quhil at the laſt ane ſemelie ſhip he coft.
And wor ſa ful of warlois welth and win,
His hands he waſh in ane ſiluer Baſin.
Forouttin gold or ſiluer into hurde,
With thrie thowſand pund was his Copburde:
Riche was his gownis with vther garments gay,
For Sondap ſilk for ilk day grene and gray.
His wyfe was cumlie cled in Scarlet reid,
Scho had na dout of derth of Ail nor breid.
And efter that within a twentie zeir,
His Sone gat vp ane ſtalwart man and ſteir:
And efter that this Burges we of reid,
Deit as we mon do al indeid.
And fra he was deid than come his ſone,
And enterit in the welth that he had woune.
He ſteppit not his ſteps in the ſtreit,
To win this welth nor for it was he weit.
Quhen he wald ſleip he wantit not a wink,

To

To win this welth na for it swet na swink.
Thairfoir that lichtlie cums wil lichtlie ga,
To win this welth he had na work nor wa.
To win this gyde he had not ane il houre.
Lucky could he have thes weit had not the doure.
Upon his fingers with riche rings on raw,
Hir mother nocht thocht the reik on him to blaw.
And wil nocht heir for verie shame and sin,
That ever his father sald ane sheipskin:
He wald him sayne with Benedicite
Luha spak of onie degrading of his degrie,
With twa men and ane cadie at his bak,
And ane clibberly fol fyhil to lak
With ouse wald he be faith woo and waith
Luha at him speirit how sald he be the claith
At hasard wald he deir lie play at dyse
And to the Tavirne eith he wald to hyse:
This wirst he never of wa bot ay of weil,
Syhil he had thrie thadden fra his seil.
Sune to the court than can he mak repair,
And fallow him sune to ane lords air.
Se eveiss nocht tho na warldis welth to win
Quhil drink and dice have power it him to the pin
He can not mak licraft to wine ane eg,
Luha feiche is thocht Burges Cairnes leg.
And for this is the cans as I declair.
Luha Burges Cairnes thrives not to the third air.
Weil, quod the king, thow serves thy reward
Se eveyselie heg thow this questionn declaird:
Sir Clark tak tuke, with pen an paper wryte,
And as he said, thow dewlie put in dyte
THEN to his lords euery of thes noble king,
Des yrand for to wit the soleeing:
Of this questionn thes prellearnis and this dowl
The quhilks lords had al than round about
Eavy eithe as weil it sould accord,
Thair language laid upon ane ayit lord:
The quhilk thude up and richt lyyselie did wail
Unto the king and thus began his taill.

Mery Tailes

meit, to quhome a Phisitian
come to give counsel, and said
that he must use to eit meikes
that be light of digestion, as
Small Birds, Sparrowes, Swal-
lowes, and especially the bird
that is called the Wag tayle
and his flesh is mervellous light
of digestion, because that bird
is ever moving, and sparing
the Sick man herring the Phi-
sitian say to answered & said
he, it shall be the cause that your
Birds be light of digestion then
I trowe a pleit as lichter of
digestion then either Sparrow
Swallow or Wag tayle, and that
is my awyn self, for I am never
in rest, but ever moving and
stirring.

¶ A Lawyman that had de
ed, a woman that wes had three
husbands. It fortuned also that
this fourth husband died and
was brocht to Kirk on the bier
quhow this woman followed
and maid greit mane and regre-
ted verie sore, in so much that
the nichtboars thocht she sould
swoune and die for sorrow,
quairfoir ane of hir Gossips
come to hir and spak in hir ear,
and bad hir not greit, ask com-
fort hir self, and be aschame that
sa mony a hown, or els it would
hurt hir and peradventure put
hir in jeopardie of hir lyfe. To
quhom that woman answered
and said: Gossip quod she I
have greit cause to murne as ye
sall al, for I have buried three
husbands beside this man, but
I was never in the case that I
am now, for thair was not ane
of them, but quhen that I fol-

lowed.

lowed the corse to the kirk I
was sure of ane other husband
before the corse come out of
the hous, and now I am sure of
ane other husband, and there-
fore he may be sure I have great
cause to be sad and heavie.

The woman that said hir, &

¶ JANE other woman than was
quhilk quhen she was at the
kirk burying hir husband, yar-
come a lord, man unto hir and
rounded in hir eir, quhilk sum
thocht it had bene about some
matter concerning the Funeralis
how be it he spak of na thing
bot onlie vowed hir that
hee micht be hir husband, to
quhom she answered and said.
thus. Sir, be my trouthe I am
sorie that ze come to late, for I
am sped alredie, & I was mar-
ried yisterday to another man.

¶ Of a marchant & ane miller

A marchant that thocht to de-
ride a miller, said unto the mil-
ler sitting among cumpanie: ze
have hard say that every fine
miller that tolleth trewlie hath
a golden thomb. The Miller
answered and said, it is trew.
Then sayd the Merchant, I pray
the let me se thy thomb. Bot
quhen the Miller schawed his
thomb, the merchant said, I can-
not se that thy thomb is gold
bot it is as all uther mens thomis
be. To quhome the miller an-
swered and said, it sleuthfull is
that my thomb is gold, how be
it ze have no power to eit, for
thair is a proper thing ever incident
thairto, that he that is a cow-
kold sall never have power to
eit.

¶ The

The answere to the second question

EXCELLENT hie richt michtie Prince & sure
Our obeysour eal, we ar under your cure:
And how be ze have cast us luther cum,
This dout for to declair faith all and sum
That is to say, the cauis quhairfoir and quhy,
Sic worthie lords war in dayis gane by:
So full of fredome, worship and honour,
Hardie in hart to stand in everie stour.
And now in us ze meine ay pair and mair,
Into your tyme ze find the haill contrair.
Se this it is the cauis quhairfoir and quhy,
Your justice ar so full of inequedy.
So covetous and full of avarice
That thay your lords impaires of thair prince:
Thay dyte your lords and hing it up in treen,
The heir now has the teill may quha can keep.
Thay wryte ush teill and tells baith al and sum
And dytes them under ane pardoun:
Thus be the husband pran never so teill,
He dytit is as ane theif to steill.
Thay take to nocht bot gif ane man have quele,
Quhil it thow man pay the justice fude.
The theif sal teill be wil himselfe overby
Quhen the teill man into the tack wil ly.
The teil man for to compone wil nocht consent,
Because he wants he is ane innocent:
Thus ze the husbands dytit al but dout,
And hing it quyte away al round about
Sumtyme quhen husbandmen went to the weir
Thay had ane jak ane bow or els ane speir,
And now before quhair thay had ane bow
Ful faine he is or tak to get ane prow.
And for ane jak ane cote to tak nes hame
Ane sword & weir out, alas wa is me for the same
Quhat sould he men to gang to ane feist,
Lyker to leg, then enemies to beist:
And your Lords, fra thair tenantes be puir,
Of gold in kist no kofferis na mair.

Fra

Fra thay be al puir that ar them vnder,
Thocht thay be puir, zour Lords is na wonder:
For ritch Husbands and tennants of grit micht,
Helps ay thair Lords to hald thair richt.
And quhen zour Lords ar puir this to conclude,
Thay sel thair Sonnes and aires for gold & gude.
Unto ane mokrand Carle for dereſt pryse,
That wist neuer zit of honour nor gentryse.
This worship and honour of linage,
Away it weirs thus for thair diſparage:
Thair manheid and thair menſe this gait thay
For Mariage thus vnyte of ane churle. (murle
The quhilk wist neuer of gentrice na honour,
Of fredome, worship, vaſſalage nor valour.
This is the caus dreidles for withoutin dout,
Fra al zour Lords how honour is al out.
And thus my Lords bade me to zow ſay,
How honour, fredome and worship is away.
THAN ſpak the King zour concluſion is quaint
And thairattour ze mak to vs a plaint:
And in zour ſentence thus ze meine to ſay,
Leil men ar hurt and theifis gets away,
And thus me think ze meine juſtice is ſmuird,
Zour tennants and zour leil husbands ar puird,
And quhen that thay ar puird, than ar ze pure,
The quhilk to zow is barth charge and cure.
That ze for gold haith wed and wage,
Ze ſel zour Sones and aires Mariage:
To carls of kynde and bot for thair riches,
In quhom is na nurture nor nobilnes.
Fredome, worship, manheid nor honour,
The quhilk to vs and zow is diſhonour.
In ſamekil thus ſchortlie I conclude,
As ze that ar diſcendand of our blude.
For the quhilk thing I will ze vnderſtand,
With Gods grace wee tak it vpon hand:
To ſe for this as reſſoun can remeid,
In tyme to cum thairof thair be na pleid.
With our juſtice thair ſal pas ane Doctour,

¶ The husband man that, &c.

IT fortuned that a Freir lait in the euening deſyred lodging of a puir man in the cuntrie, quhilk for lack of vther lodging (glad to harbour the freir) lodged him in his awin bed, & being a ſleip, the man and wyfe come efter and lay in the ſame bed. In the morning efter the puir man roſe, & went to mar[illegible]ker, leaving the friar in the bed wi[illegible] his wyfe, and as hee went, he ſmyled and lauched to himſelf, quhairfoir his nichtbours demanded of him quhy he ſo ſmyled. He anſwered [illegible] ſaid, I lauch to think how [illegible] faſt ye freir wil be quhen [illegible]h.

¶ The Preiſt that ſaid, &c.

THE Archdeacon of Eſſex that had hene lang in authority in the time of viſitation quhen all the Preiſts appeired befoir him, called alyde, thrie of the zong Preiſts, quhilk wer accuſed that thay cuid not ſay thair diuine ſeruice, and asked of them quhen thay ſaid maſſe, quhither yei ſaid corpus meus, or corpum meum. The firſt Preiſt ſaid, that he ſaid corpus meus: The ſecond ſaid that he ſaid corpum meum. And quhē he asked of the thrid how hee ſaide, hee anſwered and ſaide thus. Sir becaus it is ſa greit a dout, and diuers men be in dyuers opinions, thairfoir becaus I would be ſure, I would not offend, quhen I come to the place I leiue it cleine out, and ſay nothing thairof. Quhairfoir the Archdeacon openlie rebuked thē al thrie, bot dyuers that

that war preſent thocht more deſault in him becaus he himſelf had admitted them to be Preiſts.

Of two freirs the one loued &c

Two Freirs ſat at gentilmans table, quhilk had befoir him on a fiſhe day ane Ele, and cut the heid of the Ele and layd it vpon ane of the Freirs trencher, bot the freir becaus he would haue had the midle part of the Ele, ſaid to the Gentilman hee loued no Ele heids. This Gentilman alſo cut the tail and laid it on the vther freirs trencher, he lykewyis becaus he would haue [illegible] midle pairt of the Ele, [illegible] loued no Ele tails. the gentilman perſauing that, gaue the taill to him that ſaid he loued not the heid, & gaue the heid to him that ſaid he loued not the taill. And as for that midle pairt of the Ele he did eit part himſelf, and part he gaue to vther folk at the table, quhairfoir thoſe freirs for anger would eit neuer a morſell, and ſo thay for al thair craft & ſubtiltie wer not onlie deceued of the beſt morſell of the Ele, bot thairof had no part at al.

¶ Of the four Elements.

In the auld Warld quhen all things could ſpeik, the foure Elements met togidder for manie things quhilk they had to do, becaus thay muſt alwayis medle ane with another, and had communication of dyuers maters, and becaus thay could not conclude all thair maters at that ſeſoun, they appoynted to breik communicatioun for that

That lukis God his ſaul and our honour:
The quhilk ſalbe ane Doctour in the Law,
That ſal the fayth of veritie weil knaw,
And fra hence furth be ſal baith heir and ſe,
Baith theif puneiſt and leil men liue in lie.
For weil I wait thair can be na war thing,
Than Couetyce in Juſtice or in King.
Efter this tail in vs ze ſal not taint,
Nor zit of our Juſtice to mak ane plaint:
And afterward ſa did this King but cheſſoun,
On him micht na man plenzie of reſſoun,
Syne had his Clark but oute variance,
Write this in his Buik of remembrance.

THAN to the Clergie came this nobill King,
Of his queſtioun to heir the abſolaing.
And thay as men of wiſdome in al wark,
Had laid thair ſpeich vpon ane cunning Clark.
The quhilk in vaine in ſcule had not tane grie,
In al ſcience ſeuin he was ane Aper ſe:
And in termes ſchort and ſentence fair,
The queſtioun began for to declair,
That is to ſay quhairfoir and quhy,
In auld rymes and dayes of anceſtry.
Sa monie Biſhops war and men of Kirk,
Sa grit wil had ay gude warkes to wirk:
And throw thair prayers maid to God of micht,
The dum men ſpak, the Blind men gat pair ſicht,
The Deik men heiring, the Crukit gat thair feit,
Was nane in hail, bot weil thay could them beit.
And quhairfoir now al that cuir can warie,
We think ze mene quhairfoir ſa may not we:
And thus it is zour quodlibet and dout,
Ze gaue to vs to reid and gif it out.

The anſwer to the thrid queſtion.

THIS is the caus richt michtie King at ſchot,
To zour Hienes as we ſal thus report:
The Lawit folkes this Law wald neuer ceis,
Bot with thair vſe quhen Biſhops war to cheis.
Vnto the Kirk thay gadzed auld and zing,

With

With meik hart faſting and praying:
And prayit God with wordis not in waiſt.
To ſend them wit doun be the halie Gaiſt.
Quhan them amang was onie Biſhop deid,
To ſend to them ane Biſhop in his ſteid.
And zit amang vs ar fund wayis thrie,
To cheis ane Biſhope after ane vther die:
That is to ſay the way of the halie Gaiſt,
Quhilk takin is of micht and vertew maiſt.
The ſecond is be way of Electioun,
Ane Perſone for to cheis of perfectioun:
In that Cathederal Kirk and in that ſe,
In place quhair that Biſhope ſuld choſen be.
And gif thair be nane abil thair that can,
That office weil fteir, quhat ſal thay than?
Bot to the thrid way to ga for thi,
Quhilk is callit (via ſcrutiui.)
That is to ſay in al the Realme and Land,
Ane man to get for that office gamand:
Bot thir thrie wayis withoutm ony pleid,
Ane ſould we cheis after ane vthers deid,
Bot ſit now the contrair wee find,
Quhilk puts al our beaumes behind:
Now ſal thair nane of thir wayis thrie,
Be choſen now ane Biſhope for to be.
Bot that zour micht and Majeſtie wil mak,
Quhat euer he be to loke or zit to lak:
Than heply to ſit on the Rayne-bow,
Thir Biſhops cums in at the North windowe,
And not in at the dur nor zit at the zet.
Bot ouer Waine and Quheil in wil be get:
And he cummis not in at the dur,
Gods pleuch may neuer bald the fur.
He is na Hird to keip thay ſelp ſheip,
Nochc bot ane Tod in ane Lambskinto crēip:
How ſould he kyth mirakil and he ſa euil,
Neuer bot byt he dyſmel or the Deuil:
For now on dayes is nouther riche nor pure,
Sal get ane Kirk al throw his literature,

that tyme, and to meit againe another tyme, thairfoir ilk ane of them ſhawed to vther quhair thair maiſt abyding was, giue neid ſould requyre. And firſt the Earthe ſaid, Brethren ze knaw weil as for me I am permanent alway, & not remoueabill, thairfoir ze may be ſure to haue mee alway quhen ze liſt. The Water ſaid giue ze liſt to ſeik mee, vnder a toork of grene raſhis, or els in a womans eye, The Wind ſaid, giue ze liſt to ſpelk with mee, ze ſal be ſure to haue mee amang the Aſpin leues, or els in a womans tong. Then quod the fyre, giue anie of zow liſt to ſeik mee, ze ſal euer be ſure to find mein a flint, or els in a womans hart.

¶ A weddit man yat come, &c.

A certaine wedded man thair wes quhilk quhen he wes deid come to heuen zets to S. Peter, and ſaid he came to claime his heritage quhilk he had deſerued. S. Peter asked him quhat he wes, and he ſaid a wedded man, anon S. Peter opened the zets, and bade him cum in, and ſaid hee wes worthie to haue his heritage, becaus he had bein much troubled, and was worthie a Crown of glorie. Anone eſter that come another man cleaming heuin, and ſaid to S. Peter that he had two wyues, to quhom S. Peter anſwered & ſaid: cum in for thou art worthie of doubil crowne of glory, for thou heſt had doubil trouabil. At the laſt thair come the thrid cleming his heritage, and ſaid to S. Peter that he had had

thrie wyues, & desyred to cum in. Quhat quod S. Peter, thou hast bene once troublit, and thairof deliuered, and then willinglie wouldest be troublit agane, & zit agane thairof deliuered, and for all that could not beware the thrid tyme, bot enterest willingly in troubil agane, thairfoir go thy way to Hel, for thow sal neuer cum in Heuin, for thou art not worthie.

¶ Marchant that charged, &c.

A ritch Marchant of London thair wes that had a sone that was sumquhat vnthrifty, theirfoir his father vpon his deithbed called him to him and said, he knew weil that he had bene vnthriftie, howeit if he knew he wold amend his conditions, he wold mak him his executor & leiue him his gudes, so that he wold promeis him to pray for his saul, & to find ane dayly to sing for him. Quhilk thing to performe his son thair maid a faithful promise. After that this man maid him his executour and died, bot efter that his son kepit sik riot that in short tyme he had wasted and spent al, and had nothing left bot a Hen and a Cock that was his Fathers. It fortuned then that an of his freinds came to him & said he was sorie that he had waisted so much, & asked him him how he would performe his promise maid to his Father that he would keip one to sing for him. This zong man answered and said. By my trouth I will zit performe my promise, for I wil keip yis same cok aliue stil

For science for bertew or for blude,
Gets nane the Kirk, bot bath for gold and gude.
Thus greit excellent King the halie Gaist,
Out of zour men of gude away is chaist,
And wat not that doutles I zow declair,
That now as than, wald hail bath seik and sair.
Sic wickednes this wozld is within,
That Symonie is countit now na sin.
And thus is the caus bath al and sum,
Quhy blind men sicht, na heiring gets na dum.
And thus is the caus the suith to say,
Quhy halines fra kirkmen is away.
Than quod the King, weil vnderstand I zow,
And heir to God I mak ane aith and vow:
And to my Crown and to my Cuntrie ta.
With Kirk-gude sal I neuer haue ado.
It to dispone to lytil or to large,
Kirk men to kirk, seu thay haue al the charge:
Than had this nobil King lang tyme and space,
And in his tyme was mekil luk and grace.
His Lozds honourit him efter thair degzie,
The Husbands peice had and tranquillitie.
The Kirk was frie quhil he was in his lyfe,
The Burges Sones began than for to thryfe.
And efter lang was neuer king moze wyse,
And leuit and deit, and endit in Gods seruise.
And than spak al that fellowship but fail,
God and Sanct Martyne quyte zow of zour tail.
And than spak Walker Archebald fallis me,
Gude tail or euil, quhidder that euer it be:
Thus as I can I sal it tel but byde,
To hald my tute out of this felloun tyde.

The second taill tald be M. Archebald.

A King thair was sumtyme and eik a Queene,
As monie in the Land befoir had bene:
The king was fair in persoun fresh and fozs,
Ane feirie man on fute or zit on hozs.
And neuertheles feil fales him befell,

Hee

Hee luikit ouer weil zong counsel:
Zong men he luikit to be him neist,
Zong men to him thay war haith Clark ȝ Preist.
Hee luikit nane was old or ful of age,
Sa did he nane of sad counsel nor sage.
To spore and play quhyle by ȝ quhylum doun,
To al lichtnes ay was he redie boun.
Sa ouir the Sey, cummin thair was a Clark,
Of greit science, of vopce, word and wark,
And dreſſit him with al his beſynes,
Thus with this king to mak his recidens.
Weil saw he with this king micht na man byde,
Bot thay that wald al sadnes set on syde.
With club and bel and partie cote with eirls,
He feinzeit him ane fule fond in his feirls.
French, Dutche and Italie zit als,
Weil could he speik and Latine feinze fals.
Unto the kirk he came befoir the king,
With club and cote and monie bel to ring.
Dieu gard sir king, I bid nocht bald in bidil,
I am to zow als libas leif is to ane riddil,
Betwitt vs twa mot be als mekil grace,
As frost and snaw fra Zule is vnto Pace.
Watt zee how the Frenche man sapis syne,
Nul bon he sapis *monſieur ſans pyne*.
With that he gaue ane loud lauchter on loft,
Honour and eis, sir quha may haue for nocht.
Cum on thy way sir king, now for Sanct Jame,
Thow with me, or I with the gang hame.
Now be sant Katherine quod the king and smylo,
This fule hes monie wauerand word and wylo,
Cum hame with mee thow sal haue drink ynouch.
Grandmercy quod the fuill agane and leuch.
Now quod the king fra al oulnes and oule,
Wee may vs keip, quhil that wee haue this fuil,
He feinzeit him a fuil in deid and word,
The wyser man the better can he bourd.
Quhil at the last this fuil was callit al way,
Fuil of fuilles, and that ilk man wald say.

Thus

ſtil, and he wil crow euery day, & ſo he ſal ſing euerie day for my fathers ſoule, & then I wil performe my promiſe weill yneuch.

¶ Of the Gentelman that bare.

A Drapier being a Widower dwelling at Holburne Bridge in London had a fair Dochter, quhom a zong gentelman of Dauies In, wowed ſoir to haue his pleſoure of her, quhilk by long ſute maid to hir, at the laſt granted him, and pointed him to cum vpon a nicht to hir fathers hous in the euening, and ſho would convoy him into a chamber ſecretlie, quhilk was ane inner chamber within hir fathers chamber. So according to the pointment all thing was performed ſo that he lay with hir al nicht til about four houres in the morning, at quhilk tyme it fortuned this Gentelman fell a coching, quhilk come vpon him ſo ſore, that he coulde not refraine. This wench then feiring hir Father that lay in the nixt chamber, bade him go put his heid in the draucht, leiſt that hir Father ſould heir him, quha efter hir counſel roſe in his ſhirt and did ſo. Bot then becaus of the ſauor of the draucht, it cauſed him to cough much moir lowder, that the wenches father hard it, and asked of his douchter quhat man it was that coched in hir chamber. Scho anſwered and ſaid na bodie, bot euer this zoung man coughed ſtill more and more, quhome the father heiring ſaid, ſurely hure

thow

thou lieſt, I wil ſe quha is thair and roſe out of his bed, this wench perſauing hir father ryſing, come to the gentilman & ſaid, tak heid ſir to zour ſelf, for my father cumeth. This gentilman ſodenlie theirwith aſhamed would haue pulled his heid out of the draught hole, quhilk wes verie ſtraight for it, that he pulled the ſeegebord vp theirwith, and hinging about his neck, ran vpon her father being ane auld man, and gaue him a greit fal & bair him doun and hurt his arme. and opened the durs, and ran into the ſtreit with the draught bord about his neck toward Dauids In, aſfaſt as he could. This wenche for feir ran out of hir fathers hous & come not yair a month efter, this gentilman as he ran vp Hoburn bridge, met with a Colzeare cart loden with coils, quhair thair was two or thrie ſkittiſh horſes, quhilk quhen they ſaw the gentilman runing ſtart aſide and threw doun the cart with coles, & drew it aſide and brak the cart rope quhair by the coles fel out, ſum in ane place and ſum in another, and efter the horſes brak thair traces, and ran ſum toward ſmith feild, and ſum toward Newgar, that the Colier ran efter them, and was ane houre and mair, or he could get his horſes togidder againe, by quhilk tyme the pepill of the ſtreit wer riſen, and come to the ſtreit and ſaw it ſtrawin with coles, euerie one for his pairt gathered vp the coles, that the maiſt pairt wer

Thus was this fuil ay ſtil with the King,
Quhil he had weil conſidderit in al thing.
The condicions, vſe, maner and the gyſe,
And coppyit weil the king on his beſt wyſe:
Sa fel it on a day this nobil king,
Unto ane Cietie raid for his ſporting,
This fuil perſauit weil the King walx pas,
Unto ane vther Cietie as it was:
He tuke his club and ane bable in his hand,
For to preuene the tyme he was gangand.
Sa be the way ane woundit man fande he,
And with this fuil war runners twa or thrie,
Sum of the Court and ſum of the kitchene,
And ſaw ane man but Leiche or Medycene.
Sa ſair woundit miche nouther ga nor ſteir,
Ar him this fuil can al the caus ſpeir:
He anſwered and ſaid reuer and theif,
Thou hes me hurt and brocht me in miſcheif.
With that his wounds war fillit ful of fleis,
As euer in vyke thair biggit onie beis:
Than ane of them that had pitie can pray,
That he mot skar thay fellown fleis away.
Than ſpak the fuil and ſaid lat them be now man,
For thay ar ful the hunger wil cum than:
For thir dois nocht bot ſits as thou may ſe,
For thay ar als ful as thay may be.
Be thir away it is euil and na gude,
The hungrie fleis wil cum and ſouk his blude:
The ofter that thir fleis away be chaiſt,
The new fleis wil mair of his blude waiſt.
And drawe his blude and ſouk him ſyne ſa ſair,
Thair foir lat them allane, skar them na mair:
The ſair man him beheld and lum he demes,
And ſaid he was not ſik a fuil as he ſemes.
Sone after that ane lytil came the King,
With monie man can gladelie ſport and ſing,
Ane cow of birks into his hand had he,
To keip than weil his face fra midge and fle.
For than war monie fleand vp and doun,

Throw

Thrawkynd of zeir and hait of that Regioun
Sa lukit he ane lytill by the way,
He saw the woundit man quhair that he lay:
And to him came he ryband and can fraine,
Quhat ailit him to ly and sairly graine
The man answered I haue sik sturt,
For hatth with theif and reuer I am hurt
And zit suppois I haue all the ppne,
The falt is zowris sir King and nathing myne.
For and with zow gude counsal war ap cheif
Than wald ze stanche weill hatth reuer and theif,
Haue thow with the that can weil dance and sing
Thow taks nocht thocht pi realme weip ꝛ wrig
With that the King the bob of birks can waue,
The fleis away out of his woundis to haue:
And than began the woundit man to graue,
Do nocht sa sir allace I am slane.
How sayis thow, thow tel me quod the King,
Quhy thow sayis sa I ferly of this thing:
And sa said al his men that stude about,
Thow wald be haill and thay war chasit out
The sair can say be him that can vs saue
Pour sule sir King hes mair wit than ze haue,
And weil I ken be his phisnomie,
He hes mair wit noꝛ al zour cumpanie.
Pytung is sweir my bodie hes na streuth,
Frane at zour sule he can tel zow at lenth:
I am but deid and I may speik na mair,
Adew sir, foꝛ I haue said weil mot ze fair.
Fra this sair man now cummin is the King,
Hauand in mynd greit murmure and mouing:
And in his hart greit hauines and thocht,
Sa wantonly in vane al thing he wꝛocht.
And how the Tumrie thꝛow him was miskarne,
Thꝛow zong counsel and wꝛocht ap as abarne.
And zit as he was dꝛoupand thus in dule,
Of all and al he ferlett of his sule.
Quhat kynde of man this fuil with him sould be,
And quhat this sair man be this fuil micht se.

C And

wer gone, or the Colzier had gotten his horses. Bot during this quhyle, the Gentelman went throuch Sant Androwes Kirk-zard toward Dauids In, and thair met with the sexten cumming to ring to morning masse, quhilk quhen he saw the Gentelman in the Kirk-zard in his sark, with the draucht bord about his nek, did think it had bene a Spreit, and cryed, alace, alace, a Spreit, and ran back agane to his hous almost at the barr, and for feir was almost out of his wit, that hee was worse halfe a zeir efter. This Gentelman then becaus Dauids In zets wer not open, went on the backside, and lap ouer the Gardein wall, bot in leiping the draucht bord sa troublit him that he fell doun into the Garden, and had almaist broken his neck, and thair he lay still til the Principal come into the Garden, quhilk quhen he saw him ly thair, had wont yat sum man had bene slayne and thair cast ouer the wall, and durst not cum neir him, till hee had called vp his cumpanie, quhilk quhen manie of the Gentelmen wer cum togither, luked vpon him and knew him, and efter releued him, bot the bord that was about his neck causet his heid so to swell, that thay could not get it off, till thay wer faine to cut it off with aixes.

¶ Of the Marchants wyfe, &c

A Marchants wyfe thair was in Bow parish in London, sumquhat stept in age, to quhome hir

hir mayde come on a Sonday in Lent efter denner, and ſaid, Maiſtres quod ſhe, they ring at S. Thomas of Acres, for thair ſalbe a ſermon preiched thair. To quhom hir Miſtres anſwered & ſaid, Marie Gods bliſſing haue thy hart for wairning me thairof, and becaus I ſleipt not weill all this nycht, I pray thee bring my ſtule with thee, for I wil go thair to luke quhither I can take a nap thair quhile the Preiſt is preiching.

¶ Of the woman that ſaid, &c.

THAIR was a certaine of wemen gathered togeither, and in communication ane hapned to ſay that hir Gryſes efter they wer ferriet died and would not liue, and ane auld wyfe of hir acquantance heiring hir ſay ſa, bad hir get a Cuckolds hat, and put the Gryſes thairin a quhile efter thay war ferriet, and thay ſould liue. Quhilk wyfe intending to do efter her counſell, come to ane of hir Cummers quhair yat medicine was tauld hir for hir Gryſes, & prayed hir to lend hir, hir Husbands hat. Quhilk anſwered angerlie and ſaid, I wold thou knew it ladrō I haue nane, for my husband is no Cuckold, for I am a gude woman. And ſo lykwayis euery woman anſwered hir in lyke maner, that ſho departed from manie of them in anger and ſcolding. Bot quhen ſho ſaw ſho could get nane, ſho come agane to hir Cummers all angerly & ſaid, I haue gane round about to borrow a Cuckolds hat, & can get nane, quhairfoir if

Any quhat it is the caus quhairfoir and quhy,
He was wyſer than all his cumpany.
Quhan cummin was the king to that Citie,
Full faſt than for his fule fraimit he.
And quhan the king was ſet doun to his meit
Unto his fuill gart mak ane ſemely ſeit:
Ane Rowndell with ane cleine claith had he,
Neir quhair the king micht him baith heir and ſe:
Than quod the king a lytill wie and leuch,
Sir fuill ze ar lozdly ſet aneuch:
Quhan ze ar ful quhat call thay zow and bow,
Sa hamelp as ze ar with me now.
Sir to my Name thay call me fule Fortus,
Befoir zow as ze may ſe me ſit thus:
And of this Cuntrie certes am I bozne,
With luck and grace and Foztoun me befozne:
Schir fuill tell me gif that ze ſaw this day,
Ane woundit manly granand by the way.
Ze ſir fozſuith ſik ane man couth I ſie,
And in his wound was monie fellown flie:
Now quod the king ſir fuill to me ze ſay,
Quhy ſkarrit ze not thay flies all away:
Thocht ze it was ane deid of charitie,
In ſeik mans wound foz to leif ane flie,
Sir trow me weill full ſuith it is I ſay,
Better was ſtil thay fleis than ſkarrit away,
Foz gif ſa be the fleis away ze ſkar,
Than efter them cums hungriar be far.
Thairfoir war better let them be but dout,
Foz the full fleis halds the hungrie out.
The hungry flie that neuer had bene thair,
Scho ſouks the mans wound ſa wonder ſair:
And quhen the fleis ar ful than byde thay ſtil,
And ſtops the hungrie beis to cum thairtil.
Bot ſir allace me think ſa do not ze,
Ze ar ſa licht and ful of vanitie,
And ſa weil lukis al new things to perſew,
That ilk ſeſſioun ze get ane ſeruant new.
Quhat wil the ane now ſay unto the vther,

Now

Now steir thy hand myne awin deir brother:
Wm fast be tyme and be nocht lidder.
For wit thou weil Pal binks ar ay slidder.
Thairfoir now quhither wrang it be or richt,
Now gadder fast quhil we haue tyme and micht.
Se na man now to the King errand speik,
Bot gif wee get ane bud or ellis we sal it breik.
And quhan thay ar full of sic wrang win,
Thay get thair leif and hungrypar cums in:
Sa sharp ar thay and narrowlie can gadder,
Thay pluck the puir as thay wer powand Hadder.
And taks buds fra men baith neir and far,
And ay the last ar than the first far war:
Justice, Crounar sartand and justice clark,
Remoues the auld and new men ay thay mark.
Thus fla thay all the puir men bellp flaucht,
And fra the puir taks many felloun fraucht:
And steirs them and wait the tyde wil gang,
Syne efter that far hungrier cums than.
And thusgait ay the puir folk ar at vnder,
This Warld to sink for sin quhat is it wonder:
Thairfoir now be this crampit wee may se,
That ane new seruant is lyke ane hungrie fle.
Than quod the King quhat say ze to our rule,
Suppois that he had bene ane Clath at scule.
To God now quod the King I mak ane vow,
Ze ar not sik ane fule as ze let zow:
Thus wonderit al the King that sat aboue,
And of this fule had ferly dreid and doue.
Thocht he was fule in Habite in al feiris,
Ane wyser speik thay hard neuer with thair eiris.
Thus ferlyit al thair was baith he and he,
Quhat maner of ane thing micht this be.
And lyke to ane was nocht into Rome,
Zit than his word was ful of al wisdome.
For he as fule began guckit and gond,
And ay the wyser man ner rar the end:
And thus the King and al his cumpany,

if I leif anotherzeir, I wil haue ane of my awin, and be out of my nichtbours danger.

Of the Gentelman that &c.

A Gentelman and a Gentelwomā sat togither talking, quhilk Gentelman had greit paine in ane of his teith, and happened to say to the Gentel-woman thus: Surely Mistris I haue a toeth in my heid, quhilk greaueth me verie sore, quhairfoir I would it wer in zour tail. Sho heiring him say sa, answered thus, in gude faith sir, if zour toeth war in my taill it could do it bot lytil gude, bot if thair be ony thing in my tail yat can do zour toeth gude, I would it war in it.

¶ The Gentilman that said, &c.

A zong Gentelman of the age of xx. zeir, sumquhat disposed to mirth and game, on a tyme talked with a Gentel-woman quhilk was richt wyse and also mery. this gentelwoman as sho talked with him hapned to luk vpon his beard, quhilk was bot zoung, and sumquhat growen vpon the ouer lip, and bot lytill growen beneath, as all vther mens beards vse commonly to grow, and said to him, Sir, ze haue a beard aboue, & none beneath. And he heiring hir say sa said in sport: Maistres ze haue a beard beneth and none aboue, Mary qd she then set the one against the vther, quhilk answer maid the Gentelman so abazed ȳ he had not a word to answer.

¶ The freir that said our, &c.

THAIR was a certaine Freir quhilk was a verie glut-

glutton, & a greit nigard quhilk had ane vngratious boye that euer followed him and bare his clocke, and quhat for the Freirs gluttonie, and for his churlishnes, the boye quhair he went could scant ger meit y-neuch, for the Freir would eit almaist all him self. Bot on a tyme the Freir maid a Sermon in the Cuntrie, quhairin hee touched verie monie miracles quhilk Christ did befoir his pas sion, amang quhilk he specially rehersed the miracle, quhilk Christ did in feiding v. M. peis pil with fyue laifis of breid, & twa fishes. And this Freirs boy quhilk caired not greitlie for his Maister, heiring him say sa, and considdering that his Ma-ster was sa greit a Churll and glutton, answered with a lowd voyce, that al the Kirk hard, & said. By my trouth Maister yan thair was na freirs thair, quhilk answeir maid all the peipill to fal on sik a lauching, that for shame the Freir went out of Pulpet. And as for the Freirs boye he departed then out of Kirk, that the Freir neuer saw him efter.

¶ The Franklin that wold, &c.

A rich Franklin dwelling in ye cuntrie had a Freir vsing to his hous, of quhom he could neuir be red, and had caried with him the space of a seuin nichts, and would neuer depart. Quhairfoir the Franklin being wearie of him, on a tyme as he and his wyfe and this Freir sat togither at supper, feinzied himself angrie with his wyfe, in so much he

Upon this fuil had wonder and ferly.

Of the slaying of the man.

SYNE efter this ane Bentelman percace,
Had slane ane man al throw his rakleslnes:
And to the Court he come and tald this thing,
Unto ane man was inward with the King,
And said sir lo, I am in the Kings grace,
That hes ane man slane in my fault a place.
And wil ze gar the King to that consent,
For it I sal zow pay and content.
This Courteour he lo on this to the king,
And tald him al this tail to the ending.
And than the king for his luse and instance,
Bad hyng the man that happened that mischance
Unto the king his tail quhen he had tald,
Ful charplie to this man he couth behald,
Ane semely man of mak sa semit he,
To slay that man he thocht ane greit pitie:
And bad him passe quhair he lykit to ga,
And be gude man and efter slay aa ma.
Sone efter that within half a zeir,
Ane vther man he slew withouttin weir.

Of the second slayne man.

THAN to the Court he cummin is agane,
Unto this man befoir his gold had tane:
And said sir I haue slane allace,
Ane vther man throw misfortune and cace:
And wald ze help me befoir as ze haue done,
Ane sowme of siluer ze sould haue ful sone.
Another sowme I sall giue to the king,
Be hartlie to forgiue into this thing.
Help me now for Gods awin deid,
Nane vther buit at zow bot I get remeid.
This Courteour him answered thus agane,
This deid to do I am vncertane.
Quhen that thow slew bot ane throw rackleslnes,
Of that thow micht haue gotten forgiuenes,
Sa may it nocht quhen thow hes slane thus twa,
Notwithstanding I wil for the ga,

The

The for to help I sal get sik assay,
And for the do allmekil as I may.
Unto the king than comis this Courteour,
And lukit weil baith to his tyme and hour.
He lukit quhan the King was blyth and glad,
And nocht quhen he was heauie nor sad,
Ful lawlie sat he down vpon his kne,
Lo sir he said, ane thing of greit pitie:
The man that ze forgaue syne halfe ane zeir,
Another man now hes he slane but weir.
Ane certane summe of gold thus sal ze get,
And ze wald all zour crabitnes forzet.
He wepes and he sichs now sa sair,
That he sik misse will eftir do na mair.
In all zour Realme thair is na wichter man,
Greit pitie is it for to tyne him than.
Ze may him haue and of his gold and geir.
He will stand zow in steid in tyme of weir,
Suppois he hes slane twa better it is that ze,
Haue twa men slane than thus for to sla thrie.
Thairfoir heir I beseik zow in this cace,
That ze wald tak him in zour gudelie grace.
The King bad than bring him to his presence,
And him forgaue all fault and offence.
And bad him ga and do sik misse na mair,
Thus tuke this man his leif and hame can fair.
Syne efterward this man that wee off reid,
The thrid man hes he slane zit in deid.

Of the thride slayne man.

THAN to the Court agane maid his repair,
Sik grace to get agane as he did air:
Sa come hee to the Courteour to tell,
His fortoun and his cace how it befell.
This courteour to speik wald not spair,
For zow forsuith sir dar I speik na mair.
Sa oft and oft ze haue done sik mischeif,
I dar not speik it to king for greif,
Now be my saul and sa mot I do weill,
Is na remeid als far as I can feill,
he said he would beat hir, The freir persauing weil quhat they went about, said thus. Maister Franklin, I haue bene heir this seuin nichts, quhen zow wer freinds, and wil tarie heir this foure nichts longer, bot I will se zow freinds agane or I gang. This man persauing that hee could do na gude, nor would not depart be na honest meine, answered him shortly and said. By my faith thow sal byde heir na langer and tuke him be the shoulders and thrust him out of the durs by violence.

¶ The Gentelman that, &c.

IN Essex thair dwelt a merie Gentelman, quhilk had a cuke called Thomas, that was greitly dieised with the worme, and complayned to his Maister yair of, quhilk said he had a buke of Medecines, and said he would luke in his buik, to se quhither he could finde onie medecine thairin for it, and so sent ane of his Dauchters to his studie for his buik, and incontinent lukit vpon it a lang sesoun, and then said thus to his cuke: Thomas quod he heir is a medecine for zour worme, and it is a charme, bot it wil do zow na gude except ze knele on zour kneis, and ask it for Sanct Charitie. This man glad to be releised of his paine, kneiled and said: Maister for Sanct Charitie let me haue the medecine. Then quod this Gentelman, kneil on zour kneis and say efter me, quhilk kneled doun and said efter him as he bade him. This Gentelman began and said thus. The sone

on the Sonday, the Sone on the Sonday, qd Thomas, the Mone on the Monday, the Mone on the Monday, the Trinity on the Twyisday, the Trinity on the Twyisday. The wit on the wednisday, the wit on the Wednisday, The holy holy Thurisday, The holy holy Thurisday. And all that fast on Fryday, and all that fast on Fryday. Schyte in thy mouth on Satterday. This Cuke heiring his Maister thus mocking him, in anger start vp and said: A thou moking churll I will neuer do the seruice mair and went forth to his Chamber to get his geare togeither, to the intent to haue gone thence by and by. Bot quhat for the anger he tuke with his Maister, for the mock that hee gaue him, and quhat for the labour that hee tuke to gather his geir sa schortlie togeither, the payne of the worme went from him and maid that his maister come to him and maid him to tarie still, and told him that his Charme was the caus of the ease of the payne of the worme.

Of the fule that said he wold.

A fule thair was that dwelled with a Gentelman in the Cuntrie quhilk was callit a greit tyrant, & ane extortioner Bot yis fule luifed his Maister maruellously, becaus he cherishit him so weil, it hapned vpon a sesoun an of the Gentelmans seruants said to the fule as thay talked of sermon maters, by my truth Iack qd he, would to God that thow and I wer both in heuin.

Nay

Or quhither that ze sal liue the Land allace,
Or put zow zit into the Kings grace.
This Courteour agane vnto the King,
Now cummin is and tald hail this thing:
And how the man befoir the twa had slane,
The thrid man thus hes he slane agane.
With that the King quhen that he hard the taill,
In grit greif than wox he wan and pail.
And sweirly he said bring him now heir to me,
Sal neyther gold nor gude let him to die.
Get he my pitie than God put me out of mynde,
And he wald gif me all the Golden Inde:
Syne gart he bring to him the campn man,
Set down to Iudge to Heid or to Hang.
This man that was sa cumbred of this cace,
On kneis fel and askit the Kings grace:
The King plainly all grace can him deny,
And tald to him the caus and ressoun quhy.
With that vpon ane lytil bony stule,
Sat Fictus that was the Kings fule.
And said now and ze gar not Heid or Hang,
This man for them that he slew it war wrang.
The first man weil I grant he slew,
The vther twa in faith them slew zow.
Had thou him puneist quhan he slew the first,
The vther twa had bene leuand I wist.
Thairfor all ace this tail sir is ouer trew,
For in gude faith the last twa men ze slew.

Blessit ar thay that keips Iudgement and Iustice, &c.

THE Psalmes sayis Dauid war and wyse,
Blist mot thay be that keips Law and Iustice.
Thairfor I wald that ze sould not presume,
Na to haue count vpon the day of Dome.
For mans body thair to giue ane zeild,
Quhome to ze sould be stickar Speir and sheild.
Of all the Realme quhom off ze heir the Crown,
Of lawit and leirit, riche pure, vp and doun.
The quhilk and thay be slane with mans hand,
Ane count thairof ze sall gif I warrand.

Lest

Leſſ than it be throw ſum grit negligence,
Quhairin his mercy or in his defence:
And on the day of Dome be Sance Paull,
The Biſhops mon ay anſwer for the Saull.
Gif it be loſt for fault of Preiſt or preiching,
Of the richt treuth it haif na cheſing,
In ſa far as the Saull is for thy,
Far worthier is than the blait body:
Many Biſhops in ilk Realme wee ſe,
And bot ane King into ane Realme to be.
Thus hes the Saull mair wark and cure,
Than the body that is of na valure.
Be this was ſaid the King ſayis wa is mee,
For I am fule of fules weill I ſee,
I ſe weill I haue lytil part of ſcule,
That thus ſould be informit with ane fule.
I ſe weil be this taill this fule can tel,
That I had greitly neid of wyſe counſell,
To ſend for all my Lords I conſent,
I deſyre this to be in Parliament.
And it be trew my fule hes ſaid me heir,
I ſal weil rewaird him withouttin weir:
And be it fals and ful of fantaſy,
Ane fule he is and fule him hald ſal I.
And throw this fule this man-ſlayer did get,
Unto the Parliament perfyte reſpet:
And efter quhan thir Lords al can cum,
Unto this Parliament baith al and ſum:
Be al the thrie Eſtaits it was found,
Conſyderand al the mater crop and ground,
This Fictus that was callit the fule,
Was wyſe in word thocht he was Clark inſcule,
The King bad al the thrie Eſtaits that thay,
Sould ſit doun al and ſie a ganand way:
Quhat man in hous war meit with him to dwell,
Of wiſdome for to gif him counſel:
And for to mak be his Eſtaits thrie,
Into this Realme concordant vnitie,
And quhen that al this deid was dewlie done,

Nay by Lady qd the fule I will not go to heuin, for I had leuer go to hel. I wil go with my maſter for I am ſure my maſter ſal go to hel becaus euerie man ſayeth that he ſal go to hel, & thairfoir I wil go with him.

The plowmans ſone that, &c.

THAIR was a certane Plowmans ſone of the cuntrie, of ye age of xvi zeirs, yat come neuer much amang cumpanie, bot al way went to pleuch & husbandrie. On a tyme this zoug Lad went to a weding with his father, quhair he ſaw ane play vpon a Lute, and quhen he com hame agane, his mother asked him quhat ſporte hee had ſene. This Lad anſwered and ſaid: by my truth mother quod he their wes one that brocht a Gooſe betwene his armes, and tyckled hir ſa vpon the neck, that ſho crecked the ſweteſt that euer I hard Gooſe ereck in my lyfe.

¶ The Madyns anſwer, &c.

IN a Marchants hous in London thair was a Mayd quhilk was with chyld, to quhom the Maiſtreſſe of the houſe come and charged hir to tell quha was the father of the Chylde. To quhome the madin anſwered, Forſuith no body. Quhy qd the maiſtres, it is not poſsibill bot ſum man muſt bee father of the chylde, To quhome the Madyn ſaid: Quhy Maiſtres, quhy may not I haue a Chyld without a man, alſweill as a Hen to lay egs without a Cock.

¶ The ſeruant that rimed, &c.

A gentelman thair was dweling neir Kingſton vpon Thames, ryding

ryding in the country with his seruant, quha was not ane of the quickest in the warlde, bot euer ryding sadly by his maister, and had very fewe wordis: his master said to him, Iohne, Quhy rydest thow sa sadly? I wald haue the to tell me some mery tails for to passe the time withall. Be my trouth master quod he, I ca tel no tailis: quhy quod his master, can thou not sing? No be my treuth said the seruant, I couide neuer sing in all my life: quod the master, can thou ryme than? Neyther can I do sa saide he, bot gif ze will begin to ryme I will follow as weill as I can. Then saide the master, that is weill said, then will I begin to mak ane ryme, let me se how weill thou canst follow. Sa the master musit ane quhyle, & then began to ryme thus: Many mens Swans sowmes in the Loch, & sa do mine. Then quod Iohn, And many a man lyes by other mans wifes, and sa do I by thine. Quhat do ze huirsone, quod the maister? Be my trueth maister, nathing qd. he, bot maks vp that ryme. Bot quod the master, I charge the tell me quhy thou sayis sa. Forsuith maister quod hee, for nathing in the warlde, bot to mak vp zour ryme. Then quod the master, gif thou doest it for nathing els I am content: sa his master forgaue him his saying.

¶ The wife that bade hir &c.

THE husband saide to the wife on this wise, Be this candell I dreamed this nicht that I was ane cuckald. To quhome scho

The King I wert be his Sceptour and his Croun,
That he sould neuer gif mercie to nane,
That slauchter in his Realme committit than,
Againis his will bot throw his negligence,
Or ellis that it be fund in his defence.
And ilk ane rewill maid he into his Land,
That luck and grace in it was ay growand,
And than this nobill King all lichtnes left,
All bot ane thing that was not fra him reft:
The quhilk for ill tounges lang had bene,
Ane litt strangnes betwirt him and his Queene.
He beddit nocht richt oft nor lay hir by,
Bot throw lichtnes did lig in Lamentry.
SA happenit throw cace into the Toun,
Unto ane Burges Inuis he maid him boun,
Ane lytill wie befoir the feist of Zule,
In cumpanie bot fyue sum and his sule,
This Burges had ane dochter to him deir,
Ane bonie wenche sho was withouttin weir.
The King on hir he casts his lustie Eine,
And with hir faine waid in ane bed haif heine:
Hee wist full weill that nane had bee,
That was sa subtill as Fictus was and slee.
Hee callit him and priuilie can say,
Sik fantesie hes put me in effray:
I am sa ful of lust and fantesy,
With this Madyn on benk that sits me by,
For gold, for gude, for wage or zit for wed,
This nicht I wald haue hir to my bed.
Than quod the fuill I vnderstand zow weill,
I tak on hand to do it euerie deill.
Sit still now sir wil ze let me allane,
Be mee this errand sall be vndertane.
Sone efter quhan thay war at spoze and play,
The fule came to this bonie pretie may,
And said Madyn wist ze of the degrie,
How pleasant it is to God virginitie:
Tak exampill S. Margaret and Katrine,
And monie vther Sants that ar fine:

In Heuins bleſſe that hes ſik joy and grie,
With Crown on hew for thair Virginitie,
I wait for all the gold into this toun,
Of Madynheid ze wald not tyne the Croun,
Bot ay the king wont he had bellie bene,
Of the mater that was thir twa betwene,
And to the Virgine zong thus ſpak the king,
Quhat my ſule ſayis I trow be na leſing:
Sir quod ſho his law was ſuffiſand,
And as he ſayis I ſall do God willand.
Be that the kings Stewart cummin is,
To haue the king to his ſupper I wis.
The king ſaid to his ſule in priuetie,
Of the eirand Fictus how ſal it be.
Now hard ze not your ſelf conſent thairto,
That as I ſaid to zow ſho hecht to do.
Bot ane thing haue I hecht ſickerly,
That nane ſal cum about hir ſir bot I:
The Virgine is bot zong and thinks ſhame,
And is full laith to cum in ane ill name:
And quhan the kings ſupper was at end,
Fictus the ſule vnto the Queene can wend.
And to hir ſaid do my counſel Madame,
To zow it ſall be nouther ſin nor ſhame:
A Burges dochter to hir Father deir,
This nicht the king thinks to haue but weir:
And tald hir all the cace and maner how,
Hir for to haue be gart the King weil trow.
Bot that be God that with his bluve vs bocht,
With hir to gar him ſin was neuer my thocht.
The King commands to his cheif Chalmerlane,
Quhan euer I cum with hir I be in tane,
And in his bed ſal priuely in creip,
Quhil that the king ſal cum thair and ſleip.
And priuely thus be the day agane,
Away with me the Madyn ſal be tane.
Chairfoir Madame for God be not agaſt,
About your heid your cloke clenlie caſt:
Quhairfoir ſould ze dout or be dred,

ſcho anſwered and ſaid, Huſband, by this breid ze ar none,
Then ſaid he wyfe eit the breid
Scho anſwered and ſaid to hir huſband, then eit zow the canedell, for zow ſwore firſt.

¶ Of the woman that, &c.

A woman demandit a queſtion of a zoung Chylde, ſone vnto a man of Law: Of quhat craft his father wes, quhilk Chylde ſaid his father was a craftie man of Law.

Of him that ſauld richt nocht.

A Certaine fellow thair was quhilk proferred a dagger to ſel to a fellow of his, quhilk anſwered him and ſaid, that hee had richt nocht to giue him for it, quhairfoir the vther ſaid yat he ſould haue the dager vpon that condition that he ſould deliuer vnto him yairfoir within ſax days efter, richt nocht, or els twenty poundis in money, quhairof this vther was contēt. This bargaine thus agreit that he ſuld deliuer this richtnocht, tuke no thocht vntill the tyme that the daye appointed drew neir: at the quhilk tyme he began to imagine how hee micht deliuer to this man richtnocht, and firſt of al he thocht on ane fether, a ſtraw, a pynne, a point, & ſuch vther, bot nothing culd he deuyſe bot it was ſumquhat, quhairfoir hee come hame all ſad and penſiue, for ſorrow for leeſing of his xxl. and could neither ſleip nor tak reſt, quhairfoir his wyfe ſeing him greued, demanded the cauſe of his heauines, quhilk at the laſt efter many denyes told hir all, weill

sir quod sho, let me heir with alone, and get zow furth off Town, and I sal handil the mater weil yneuch. This man following his wyues counsel went forth off the Town, and let his wyfe schift. This woman then hanged vp ane earthen pot, quhairof the bottome was out vpon the wall by a cord. And quhen this vther man come, & asked for the gudeman, scho said he was not within. Bot sir quod scho I knaw zour eirrand weil yneuch, for I wote weil ze would haue of my husband xx punds, becaus hee can not delyuer to zow this daye richt-noucht. Thairfoir Sir quod scho put zour hand in zonder pot, and take zour monie. This man being glade, thrust his hand in it, supponing to haue taken twentie poundes of monie, and thrust his hand thruch it vp to the elbowe. Quoth the wyfe then, sir quhat haue zow thair: Marie quod he richt-noucht, Sir quod scho then haue ze zowre bargane, and then my Husband hath contented zow for his dagger, according to his promyle.

¶ The boy that bare the, &c.

A Certaine Freir hid an boye, quhilk euer beare this freirs mony. And on a tyme quhen the boy was far behind his maister, as they two walked togither by the way, their met a man the freir quhilk knew that the boy bure the freirs mony & said, maister Freir still I bid the boy hye him a pace efter the, zea quod the freir, then went the man to the

Is nane bot ze sould byrik the Kings bed:
The warst may fall suppose it within war,
We thocht he hang zow wil he neuer skar.
And thus is my counsel Madame ze do,
In faith quod sho and I consent thairto:
All thus and thus befoir as ze haue hard,
The Queene is brocht vnto the kings bed.
The quhilk all nicht in vthers armes lay,
Quhat man to tel of al thair spoir and play:
The king thocht neuer nicht to him sa schort,
Sa lykit he that nichts play and spoir.
And on the morne a lytil befoir day,
The Fule come in and tuke the Queene away.
And thus and thus efter nichts thrie,
With his awin Queene grit gaming had he glie
And weil he wend that it had bene but weir,
That with him lay the Burges dochter deir.
Quhome throw he had sik joy and sik plesance,
Quhilk maid him ay the Fule for to auance:
Sa was the King sa amorat of his Fule,
Besyde himself ay sat vpon a stule.
Was neuer zit mair joy and plesance sene,
Than the king hes in bed with his awin Queene:
And that was na grit ferly to befal,
For scho was fair and gude and zong withal.
And thus the Fule quhen he persauing had,
How that the king sa joyful was and glade:
Vnto the king he came in prinitte,
And said now sir ane thing that ze tel me:
Quhairfoir it is the cace sane wit wald I,
Quhy that ze haue in zow sik fantasy:
To ly with wemen and of law degrie,
Agains zour Quens wil and Majestie.
Considder and weil that scho is fair and gude,
With ilkane vther bewtie to conclude.
Or quhy at hir ze haue al this dispyte,
And quhy ze find in vthers sik delyte.
Or quhat plesance ze had thir nichts thrie,
With zour awin Queene in bed than mair to be,

The

The King answered and said now sikarly,
I can not tel the ressoun caus noȝ quhy:
Fictus my sule with the na mair to flyte,
Bot wantonly ay followes my appetyte,
And quhan that my delyte is upon vther,
Than moup folk wil cum and with me fludder.
And sum wil tel il tailes of the Queene,
The quhilk be hir war neuer hard noȝ sene.
And that I do thay say al weil is done,
Thus fals clatterars puts me out of tone.
And thus becaus I am licht of feirs,
And heirs euil tailes and lichely lendis my eirs,
And thus of hir I haue na appetyte,
And of al others ay haue I grit delyte.
Sir quod the sule wil ȝe not consent,
Thir thrie nichts that ȝe war weil content:
Ze that I grant be God that is of micht,
Had neuer nane mair plesance on the nicht.
God quod the King ien my fortoun had bene,
Sen sho I had thir nichts thrie war Queene.
Quhat wil ȝe gif me, than speirs the sule,
Suppose I be na cunning Clark in scule:
Within thrie dayes to mak it weil sene,
With Gods Law for to mak hir ȝour Queene.
And thairto do sal na man say agane,
And do I not my heid sal be the pane.
Than quod the king thairto I hald my hand,
Thow sal haue gude gold, Lordships and Land.
Or cast fra the thy cote and be thow wyse,
And Bischoprik sal be thy benefyse.
Than quod the sule without feinzeing or fabil,
Hald vp ȝour hand to hald this firme and stabil:
The King thairto swoze oft and oft,
And thair he bes his hand haldin on loft:
And now quod the sule it fallis to na King,
To bzek his vow or ȝit his oblissing:
And it that I haue hecht thus sone sal be,
Scho is ȝour Queene ze had thir nichts thrie:
That quod the king be him that deid on Rude,

the boy and said sirra thy Master biddeth ye giue me xl pence I will not quod the boye, then called the man with a hie voice to the freir and said, Sir he sayis hee will not. Then quod the Freir, beate him. And quhen the boye hard his maister say so he gaue the man xl pence.

¶ The courteour & the carter.

Thair come a Courteour by a Carter, the quhilk in derision praised the carters black legges, & vther members of his bodye marvelously, quhais moking ye Carter persaued, & said he had an vther property then he saw. And quhen the Courteour had demanded quhat it sould be, he luked aside ouer his shoulder vpon the Courteour and said thus: Lo sir this is my property, I haue a wall eye in my heid, for I neuer luke ouer my shoulder this way, bot commonly I espy a knaue.

¶ The freir in the pulpit, &c.

IN a certane parish kirk in London efter the olde accustomed maner, thair was a Freir Minor althocht hee were not the best Clark, nor culd not mak ye best sermons, zit by the licence of ye Curate he thair preiched to the Parishoners. Amang the quhilk audience thair was ane wyfe at that tyme lytill disposed to contemplacion, talked with a cumer of hirs of vther feminine tailes so loud, that the Freir hard, and some quhat was perturbed thairwith, to quhome therefore oppenlie the Frear spake, and said, thow woman thair in the tawyne gown, hold thy

thy peace and leif thy babling, thou troublest ye word of god. This woman thairwith sodenly abazed becaus the freir spak to hir, answered shortly and said, I beshrow his hart that bableth most of vs two. At the quhilk saying the peipil merely lauchaed, becaus thay felt bot a lyttll frute in his sermon.

The man that had the dum, &c

THAIR was a man that maryit a woman quhilk had greit riches and bewtie, howbeit sho had such impediment of nature that sho was dumbe and could not speik, quhilk thing maid him to be richt pensiue and sad. Quhairfoir vpon a day as hee walkit alone richt heuy in his hart thinking vpon his wyfe. Thair come one to him and asked him, quhat was the cause of his heuines? Quhilk answered that it was only becaus his wyfe was dumbe. To quhome this vther said, I sal schaw the sone a remedy and a medicine thairfoir, and that is this, go tak an Aspin leife, and lay it vnder hir toung this nicht sho being a sleip, and I warrand the that sho sal speik on the morne, the man being glade of this medicine, prepared thairfoir and gathered Aspin leifis, quhairof he laid thrie of thé vnder hir tong quhen sho was a sleip. And on the morrow quhen he himselfe awalked, he being desirous to knaw how his medicine wrocht being in bed with hir, hee demanded of hir how sho did, and sodenly sho answered and said: I beshrow zour hart for waking Sir sule I trow ze may not mak that gude. Sir I pray zow be not euill payit nor wraith. Efter sa frait ane oblessing and sith Ane gif that she plesit zow thir nichts thrie, Fra hyneforth now quhairfoir may not la be. Richt now ze wald haue had hir to zour wyfe, And thairin now with me ze mak ane stryfe. Quhat quod the king be him that was bayne in Thou art ane auld scoller at the scule. (Sule

I farly quhair sik Sophyne thou hes fund, That with my awin hand thou hes me bund. Notwithstanding I am hartly contene, To my awin Queene I wil hartly consene: And mair attour I sweir the be the Heuin, I sal hir neuer displeis for zo or noz euin. With thy that she may preif that it was sho, Thir nichts thrie with quhom I had ado: And with that word forouttin mair carping, Vnto the Queenes Chalmer come the King. And simply to hir presence can persew, And tempit hir with takens gude and trew And sickarly he fand that it was sho, With quhome thay nichts thrie he had ado. Than joyful was he in his harts splene, Of the plesance he had with his awin Queene: Than on his kneis he askit forgiuenes, For his licht layres and his wantones. And sho forgaue him meiklie this ful tyte, That he had done thzow lichtnes of delyte: For weil sho saw that al was fantesy, That he vsit and richt grit foly. And thus the King and Queene into this cace, Thankit thair God for thair weilfair and grace. And syne this sule thay thankit of al, That caused sik concord amang them sal. And off his coate thay tirlit he the croun, And on him kest ane syde clarkly goun: And quhen this syde goun on him micht be, Ane cunning Clark and wyse than semit he.

Syne

Syne eftir ſone ane Biſhop thair was deid,
Ful ſone was he maid Biſhop in his ſteid:
And to the King and Quene he was full leif,
And of thair inwart counſell ay maiſt cheif.
And God ſen ſik examples ay wer ſene,
To ilk ane King that luifit nocht his Quene.
God gif vs grace and ſpace on eird to ſpend,
Thus of my tail now cummin is the end.
And than ſpak all the fallowſhip thus ſyne,
God quyte zow ſir zour tail and ſaut Martyne.
Sir Williame than ſayis now fallis me,
To tel ane tail thocht I be of zow thrie:
The febilleſt and leiſt of literature,
Zit than with all my deligence and cure:
To tell ane tail now ſik ane as I haue,
Of me, me think ze ſould na vther craue.

The thrid taill tald be Maiſter Williame.

A King thair is and euer maiſt will be,
Thairfoir the *KING* of kings him cal (we
Thus he had a man as he hes mony,
Into this Land als riche as vther ony,
This man that we of ſpeik had freinds thrie,
And luſit them nocht in ane degrie.
The firſt freind quhil he was laid in deſk,
He luſit ay far better than him ſelf.
The nixt freind than alſweil luſit he,
As he him ſelf luſit in al degrie.
The thrid freind he luſit this and twa,
In na degrie like to the tother twa.
Suppois he was ane freind to him in name,
To him as freind zit wald he neuer clame.
The tother twa his freindis war indeid,
As he thocht quhen that he had ony neid.
Sa fell it on ane day ſone eftir than,
This he did ſend about this rich man,
And ſent to him his Officer but weir,
Thus but delay befoir him to compeir.
And with him count and giue reckning of all,

waking me ſa airlie. And ſa by the vertew of that medicine ſho was reſtord to hir ſpeich: Bot in concluſion hir ſpeich ſo increſsed daybe day, and ſcho was ſa curſt of condition, that euery day ſho brauled and chid with hir husband ſo much, that at the laſt hee was more vexed and had much more troubill and diſeiſe with hir ſchrewd words then he had befoir quhé ſho was dum. Quhairfoir as he walked another tyme alone, he happened to meit agane with the ſame perſon that tauld him the ſaid medicine, and ſaid to him in this wyſe: Sir, ze tald me a medicine but lait to make my dum wyfe ſpeik, bidding me lay an Aſpin leiſe vnder hir toung quhen ſho ſleipt, and I laid thre Aſpin leifis their, quhairfoir ſcho now ſpeiketh, bot zit ſcho ſpeiketh ſo much, & ſo ſhrewdly, th at I am more weirie of hir now, then I was befoir quhen ſho was dum. Quhairfor I pray zow teich me a medicine to mo lyſy her, that ſcho ſpeik not ſo much. This vther anſwered and ſaid thus: ſir I am a Deuill of hel, and am one of them that hath leiſt power thair, all be it I haue power to make a woman ſpeik, I nor al the Deuils of hell that haue the maiſt power, be not abill to make a woman be ſtil, nor cauſe hir to leiue hir ſpeiking.

¶ The proctor of Archies, &c.

ANE asked a Proctor of the Archies laitely befoir maryed, quhy he chuſe him ſa lytill a wyfe, quhilk anſwered, becauſe he

thé had a Text saying thus, Ex duobus malis, minus malum est eligendum, that is to say in English. Among all euil things, ye leist is to be chosen.

¶ The Eusquyre that sould, &c.

QVHEN the most nobil Prince, King Edwarde of England maid wer in France with a great puisant Armie of peopil quhom the French King with an vther grit host encountered And quhen the two hosts suld joyne, and the trumpets began to blowe, a zong Squyer of England riding vpon a lusty corser, quhilk horse heiring the noyse of the Trumpets, so pricked his corage yat the Squyre culd not retayne him, so that aganst his wil hee run vpon his enemies,, quhilk seing no vther remedie, set his Speir in the rest, and rod throuch the thickest of his enemies, and in conclusion had gude fortoun and saued himselfe alyue without hurt, and ye English host followed & had the victorie. And efter quhen the feild was done, the King Edward called the Squyer, and bad him kneil doun for he wald mak him knycht, becaus he valiently played the man yat day, quhilk with a most corragious stomock aduentured first vpon their enemies, To quhome the Squyre thus answered, if it lyke zour Grace to make ony bodie Knicht thairfoir, I beseich zow to mak my hors knicht & not me, for certes it was his deid & not mine, & soir aganst my wil Quhilk answer the king heiring, refraned to promot him to the

He had of him al tyme baith grit and smal,
Quhilk quhen this Officer past on gude speid,
And summond this riche man we of reid:
And al the cace to him he can recoyd,
That he in haist sould cum to his awin Lord.
This riche man he he had hard this tald,
Ful sad in mynd he wox baith wan and pail:
And to him self he said sichand ful sair,
Allace how now this is ane hailsy fair:
And I cum thair my tail it wil be taggit,
For I am red that my count be outr raggit.
Quhat sal I do now may I say allace,
A cumbred man I am into this cace.
I haue na vther help nor zit supplie,
Bot I wil pas to my freinds thrie:
Twa of them I luifit ay sa weil,
But ony fault thair freindship wil I feil,
The thrid freind I left lichtly of ay,
Quhat may he do to me bot say me nay.
Now wil I pas to them and preif them now,
And tel them al the caus and maner how,

To the first freind.

THVS came he to his freind that he,
Lufit better than him self in al degree
And said to freind my hart thow euer had,
And now allace I am ful straitly stad:
To me the king his Officer hes send,
For he wil that my count to him be kend:
And I am laith allane to him to ga,
Without with me ane freind be ane or twa.
Thairfoir, I pray zow that ze tel me now to.
In this mater quhat is the best ado.
And thus answered this freind agane that he,
Quer al this warld lufit as A per C.
The Deuil of Hell be said now mot me hing,
And I compeir befoir that crabit King.
He is sa ful of justice, richt and resloun,
I lufe him not in ocht that wil me chesloun,
He lufis not na riches be the Rude,

Noʒ bilyne in hart, noʒ euil won guve.
Than euil won guve to gar men gif agane,
Thair may be na war vſe now in ane:
Agane him can I get na guve defence,
Sa juſt he is and ſtark in his conſcience.
And al things in this warld that I call richt,
It is nocht wozth ane eg into his ſicht.
And it that is my lyking at my eis,
To him alwap will neither play noʒ pleis:
And that to me is barth ioy and gloir,
As fantaſys iudgit him befoir,
And thus he is agans me ap and euer,
And weill I wait thairfoir he lufit me neuer,
Pe hes na lyking lufe noʒ luſt of me,
Na I to him quhill the day I die.
Quhairto thairof ſould I make ony mair,
I cum nocht to the King I the declair:
Fra tyme that thow art vnder now a reſk,
Of the in faith I haue but lytle keſk.
Be me I trow thow art but lytill meind,
Pas on thy way and ſeik another freind:
Now is this man ſair murnand in his mynde,
Sayand allace my freind is ouer vnkynde.
Quhome I wend was ſuppoʒt and ſupplie,
And now allcae the contrair now I ſie:
Awaybe wend ſayand in woʒdis wylde,
I grant be God that I am all begylde.

The ſecond freind.

VNTO this tother freind cummin is this man,
That as him ſelfe befoir he lufit than:
And ſaid lo freind the King hes ſend foʒ me
His officer and bindis that I be:
At him in haiſt and cum ſone to his call,
And to him mak my count of greit and ſmall,
That I of him in all my dayis had,
And I ſie richt I am ſa ſtraitly ſtad:
Now as my freind I hidder come to the,
Quhome as my ſelfe I lufe in all degre.
Foʒ quhan I am in ſtryfe oʒ zit in ſturt,

the order of knichthude, reputing him in maner but for a coward, & euer fauourit him ye les.

¶ The woman that dyd, &c.

A zoung man lait maryed to a wyfe, thocht it was gude policie to get the maſtrie of hir in the beginning. He come to hir, the pot ſeething ouer the fyre, althocht ye meit yairin was not yneuch, ſodenly commanded her to take pot from the fyre, quhilk anſwered, and ſaide, that the meit was not redie to eit. And he ſaide againe I will haue it taken of for my pleſour This gude woman loth to offend him ſet the pot beſyde the fyre as he bad hir, And anone commanded hir to ſet ye pot behind the dure, And ſho ſaid again, ze be not wyſe thairin. Bot he preciſlie ſaid it ſould be as he bad. And ſho gentlie agane did his commandement. This man not zit ſatisfyit, commaunded her to ſet the pot on hie vpon the Hen rouff. Quhat quod the wyfe, I trow ze be mad, and he fercely commanded hir to ſet it on thair, or elſe hee ſaide ſcho ſould repent it, Scho ſome quhat afrayed to moue his pacience, tuke a ladder and ſet it to the rouff, & went hir ſelf vpon the ladder, and tuke the pot in hir hand, praying hir Husbande then to hold the ladder faſt for flyding, quhilk hee did. And quhen the husband luked vp & ſaw ye pot ſtand yair on hie, he ſaid thus: Loe, now ſtandeth the pot thair as I woulde haue it, this wyfe heiring yat ſodenly poured

poured the hait portage on his heid and said thus: and now be the portage thair as I would haue them.

¶ The scholer of Oxford, &c

A riche Franklin in the cuntry, hauing, by his wyfe bot ane Chylde and na ma, for the grit affection that he had to his said Chylde, found him at Oxford to scule by the the space of twa or thrie zeir, This zoung scoller in the vacants for his disporte come hame to his father. It fortuned efterward on a nicht, the father, the mother, and the said zoung scoller sitting at sup per, hauing befoir yem na mair meit bot only a couple of chikens, the father said in this wise, Sone, sa it is that I haue spent much mony vpon the, to find the at scole, quhairfoir I haue grit desyre to knaw quhat thou learneſt. To quhome the Sone answered & said. Father I haue studyit Sophistry, and by that science, I can proue that these twa Chickens in the dische be thrie Chickens, Marie said the Father that would I faine see. The scoller tuke one of the Chickens in his hand, and said: Loe heir is ane Chicken, and in continent hee tuke both the Chickens in his hand joyntlie, and said heir is two Chickens, and ane and twa maketh thrie, Ergo, thair is thrie Chickens. Then the father tuke ane of the Chickens himself, and gaue another to his wyfe, and said thus: Lo I wil haue ane of the Chickens to my part, and thy mother sall haue another, and beaus

Into my hart me think thow sould be hurt,
Thairfoir I pray that thow wald vnderta,
With me vnto zon King that thow wald ga.
This freind answered and said to him agane,
I am displeisit and ill payit of thy pane:
Bot I am nocht redie in onie thing,
With thy foz to compeir befoir that king.
Thocht he hes send foz the his Officer,
I may not ga with thy quhat wil thow mair,
Sa with thy I bid nocht foz to lane,
I am ful red that I cum neuer agane.
Quha sal me mend and of my bail me beit,
To tak the sower and foz to leik the sweit.
Quhat I haue heir daplit in faith I feill,
And thair quhat I sall haue I wait not weil.
Thairfoir this tail is trew into al tyde,
Quhair ane fair is weil the langer sould he byde.
Thairfour me think that I sould be to sweir,
Befoir zon king with zow foz to appeir.
Bot a thing is to say in termes schozt,
With zow my freind I wil ga to the pozt.
Trust weil of me na mair of myne ze get,
Fra ze be anis in at the kings zet.
And thus schozt ly with zow foz to conclude,
Mair noz is said of me ze get na gude.
With that the man that thus charged his freind,
He said allace I may na langer leind.
Sen I my twa best freinds couth assay,
I can nocht get a freind zit comp pay
That dar now tak in hand foz onie thing,
With me foz to compeir befoir zon king.
Quhasaeuer may Clennome oz Poyloun taist,
That be the hands in quhom thair traist is maist
Me to begyle quha hes mair crakt and gin,
Than thay in quhome my traist ay maist is in.
Quhat ferly now with name thocht I be meind,
Sen thus fallly now failzeis me my freind:
Now weil I se and that I vnderta,
Than feinzeit freind better is open fa.

As suith it is as ships saillis ouer watters,
And weil I wait al is not gold that glitters,
Now is ouer lait to pzeif my freind in deid,
Quhan that I haue sik mister and sik neid,
Better had bene be tyme I had ouertane,
To pzeif my freind quhen mister had I nane.
Allace quhat sal I say, quhat sal I do,
I haue na ma freinds toz to cum to:
Bot ane the quhilk is callit my thzid freind,
With him I trow I will be lytil meind:
To ga to him I wait bot wind in waist,
Foz in him I haue lytil trouth oz traist.
Because to him I was sa oft unkynde,
And as my freind he was not in my mynde:
Bot helely and lichtlie of him leit,
And now to him thus mon I ga and greit.
How sould I murne oz mak my mane him to,
Befoir with him I had sa lytil ado.
Suppois to me he was ane freind in name,
Zit than as freind to him wald I neuer clame,
Of him I had sul lytil joy oz feist,
Of al my freinds in fauty I lufit him leist,
Quhat may he do to me bot say me nay,
Thairfoir I wil ga heir quhat he wil say.
Quhat ferly is I be not with him meind,
I held him nocht bot foz a quarter freind.

To the thrid freind.

NOW cummin is the man that we of reid,
Unto this thzid freind quhen he had neid:
And taid him the maner and the cace,
How on him laid ane Officer his mace:
And summond him and bad he sould compeir,
Befoir the King and gif ane count perqueir.
And to him mak ane sharp count of al,
He had into his lyfe haith grit and smal.
And thus answered his freind to him agane,
Of the in fauth gude freind I am ful fane,
Of me al tyme thow gaue bot lytil tail,
Na of me wald haue vant noz dail.

becaus of thy gude argument thou shalt haue the third to thy supper, thow gets no moir meit heir at this tyme, quhilk promeis the father kept, and so the scholer went without his supper.

¶ Of the Courtier yat did, &c.

A Courtier & a Friar hapned to meet togethe in a fery boat, & in communication betwen thé fell at angry wordes, and being displeased one with another, fought & strugled together, so that at the last the Courtier cast the Friar ouer the bote, and so was the Friar drowned. The Ferye man quhilk had ben a man of weir the maist part of his lyfe befor, and seing the Freir drowned and gone, said thus to the Courteour, I beshrew thy hart, how souldest haue caryed and foucht with him a land, for now thow hest causéd me to lose ane halfpeny for my fare.

¶ Of the Freir that, &c.

A Frey in the Pulpit being preching verie fond things, among vther maters spak of mens sauls and said thay war so maruelous and so subtill that a thowsand soules micht dance in the compas of a nayle of a mans finger. Amang quhilk audience thair was a merie conceyted fellow of small deuotion, that answered and said thus, Maister Freir, if that a thowsand soules may daunce on a mans nayle, I pray yow then quhair sall the Pyper stand.

¶ Of the Schomaker &c.

THAIR was a shomaker sitting in his shop, that saw a Colzier come

come by and cheche to deride him, becaus he was so blak, & asked him quhat tydings was in hel, and how the Deuil faird, To quhome the Colzier said, the Deuill faired weill quhen I saw him last, for he was riding forth, and tarryed bot for a sowtar to pluck on his boores.

¶ The freir yat said dirige for ye.

VPON a tyme certaine wemen in the Countrie wer appoynted to deryde and mock a Freir, a Lymitour that vsed much to visite them, quhair vpon ane of them, a lytill befoir the Freir come had killed ane Hog, and for disporte layde it vnder the burde, efter the maner of a corse, and told the freir that it was his gude man, and desyred him to say dirige for his saul, quhairfoir the freir & his fellow began Placebo & dirige, and so furth said the seruice so deuotly, quhilk the wyues [illegible] refrain themselues from lauching, and went into a lytill parler to lauch more at thair pleasoure. These Freirs somequhat suspectit the cause, and quickly or that the wemen wer ware lukked vnder the burde, and spyed that it was a Hog, sodenly tuke it betwene them and bare it hamward as fast as they micht: the wemen seing that, ran efter the Freir and cryed cum againe maister freir, cum again, cum again, and let it allone. Nay by my faith quod the Freir he is a brother of ours, and thairfoir he must neids be buryed in our Cloyster. And so the freir gat the

And tho he had to me done onie thing,
I ought was with hart bot bane glair and bedding.
With bether frewds thou was sa weill sp[illegible]ant,
To me thow hes ful lytil claime or crance,
To the thow thocht I was not worth ane grene,
And that I am fals rade on the beleue,
And zit the lytil kyndnes that thow,
To me hes had weil sal I quyte it nowe.
For with the kyng I ga vnto the King,
And for the speik and plie intill al thinge:
Quhair su, e thow ga with me thow sal be meind,
And euer be hen for my tender freind.
The King he lufis me ful weill I wate,
Bot euer allace to me thow come ouer late.
And thow my counsal wrocht had in al thing,
Ful welcum had thou bene ay to that King.
Betwirt vs twa wil be of vnkyndnes,
Bone wil thou tell be wil the lufe the les.
Wit be betwixt vs twa be one lufe,
Be wil be riche weil payit and the appruife.
And be to me lufe thou mais ony sale,
To the that wil be ful sa wyse and sale.
And than weil sal thou find as thou lufis me.
In al maner of way sa sal be the:
Quhat is thair mair of this matter to meine,
With the befoir the king I sal be seine.
Quhair euer thou ga without[illegible] ony blame,
As tender freind to the I sal ay clame.
Without ony excuse to be thy defendar,
And ay trewly to be thy protectour:
Befoir quhat judge thou appeir by or beir,
The to defend I sal be reddie beine.
And quhither I cum againe heir euer or neuer,
Fra the thus sal I neuer mair vilipend.
Thocht he the bind and cast the in a Cart,
To heid or hang fra the I sal nocht part.
Quhat wil thou mair that I may say for the,
I am redde cum on quhan euer thou wil.
Allace allace than sayis this richt man,

Quo

Over few I find are in this warld that can:
Their ay the best of thir freinds thre,
Quhill that the tyme beganne that thay sould de
Thow leifs nocht sin quhill sin hes left the,
And than quhan that thow seis that thow man de:
Than is over lait allace havand sik lef,
Quhan deithis cart will stand befoir the zet.
Allace sen ilk ane man wald be sa tryade,
To pave this latter freind into his mynde.
And nocht traist in thir uther freinds twa,
Quith him befoir the king that will nocht ga.
Quha be thir thre freinds.

OVDE folk I wald into this warld that ze
Sould understand quhilk ar thir freinds thre:
Quha is the first, quha is this officer
And quha this riche man ei I will declair.
The king is God that is of michtis maist,
The father Sone and eik the haly Gaist:
In ane Godheid and zit in personis thre,
Thairfoir the king of kingis him call we.
This officer but dout is callit Deid,
In pane his power agane may repleid:
In pane sa richt na wyse na of sik wit,
Agane his summond suthly that may sit,
Suppose thay be als wicht as ony wall,
Thow man ga with him to his Lords hall:
In pra wildome richis na zit science,
Againis his officer may mak defence.
In neyther castell, tonet nor zit tour,
Man sear him amis the moment of ane hour:
Nor shaik it is sa sharpe it will not stint,
In pane in eird that may indure his dint.
He zit sa hevy in his office and lele,
Sua preichis againe him to appele:
Gold nor gude, corne, cattell nor zit ky,
This officer with Gud may nocht overby.
This riche man is baith thow and he.
And al that in the world is that mon die:
And als sone as the deid hitt us wil cum,

Merry Tailes

the Frog.

¶ The herdman that said, he
is scholer of Oxford quhilk had
studyed Sudycials of Astrono-
mie or ane lyme war ryding
to Lethenrye, quhilk come but
a Herdman, and inquyred of
him how far it was to the next
town. He quod the Herdman,
ze have not thether past a myle
and a halfe but stand quod he,
ze sall ryde apace, for ze sall
never a Toune ga neirhe or ze
come thether, quhat quod the
Scoller that is not to, heir is no
Toppes of trees, for the Clades
be baith pale and clein, No, no
quod the Herdman, for ze sall
find of it. The Scoller hoppe paine
with his mare and or he parted
the halfe mile quod he ther heir
for a quarle I have of paine, that
the Scoller was weill washed
and went to the Kirk. The Scol-
ler then learned per hard I said
to the Herdman and desired
him to teich him hard cumpas.
Nay quod the Herdman I will
not teich thee my cumpas for
nowdy. Then the Scoller offe-
red him xl. s. to teich him the
cumpas. The Herdman offer
he had refused his proffer, and
thus: Nay ze ar not tender. Then
drew with the Scoller face. Let
quod the Scoller. Seidelie quod
the Herdman, gupen upo dance-
eth apa holegth up per tail ze
ze pave a Toune or ze ly
wel lang, soul e'er

¶ The husband that said, he
at Mar asked his neighbours
quhilk was best for him to marwed
to a widdow, how see ze keep
with his wyfe, for he said that

hir first husband and sho could never agrie. By my trush quod the vther to cragfie, marvelous well, I pray the how so? Marie quod the ather, I sal tel the, quhen I am merry sho is mery, & quhen I am sad, sho is sad. & quhen I go out of my dures, I am mere to go from hir, and so is sho, and quhen I come agane I am sad, and so is sho.

¶ The preist quhilk killed his hors. Ane Bishop appointed to ga in visitatioun of a Preists hous, and becaus he wold have the preist do bot lytil cost upon him he bad him gif bot lytill meit, saying thus in Latine, Pepares mihi parvi modicum. This Preist quhilk vnderstude him not half weil, had a hors called Modicum, quhairfor he thoght to obtaine the Bishops favour, and against the Bishops cuming killed his hors that was called Modicum, quhairof the Bishop and his servants did eate part, quhilk quhen ye Bishop knew afterward, he was greitly displeased.

¶ The Southernman that fe. A Southernman, that was quhilk went to seik hime service. So it happed that he come to a Lordy place, quhilk was at feid with quenther lord. This This lord then asked this Southernman if he durst fecht i zea by cokis bonis quod ye Southernman that I dare, for I am all harte. Quhairupon the Lord retain ed him vpi his service. Soe fell it happed this lord to ga fecht with his enemies, with quhom also went this Southernman quhilk

Than speik we to our freinds al and sum.
Quhat is menit be the first freind.

THE first freind is bot gude penny and pelfe,
That mony man lufis better than himselfe:
And quhen he me or the cuemis our deid,
Our riches than will stand us in na steid,
To paint fra it suppose we graine and greit,
Ffayis fairweill agane we will never meit.
Thus have we ever bene bill gold and gude,
With us nane may we carie suppose we wod.
The mair golde and gude that ever we have,
The mair cound thairof this King will crave;
And thus the day and deid quhen we mon die,
Fra us away full fast all riches will flie.
Thus hald I man unwyse I under dog,
That halds ane for his freind & his fa,
Thir three ar ay halden for fais evill.
Our awne flesche the world and the devill:
And thus thy freind sa meikill of the mair,
Is cwmbit ane of thy maist fellows fais.
And pow with the he will nocht gang ane fute,
Befoir this King for the to count or mute:
Thus may thow se this worlds wit for thy,
Befoir this King is bot grit fantasy.
Quhat is menit be the secound freind.

THIS secund freind cal se quhome will we call,
Bayis wyfe and bairnes and other freinds all:
That thus answeres and sayis in bynes schort,
We will nocht ga with the bot to the port.
That is to say unto the Kings Let.
With the faider to ga is nocht our det:
Quhilk is the zet that we call now the port,
Nocht bot our graif to pas in ad a mort.
And than with us unto that zet will cum,
Baith wyfe and bairnes and freinds al and sum,
And thair on me and the lang will thay greit
Into this world agane or ever we meit
To pat the zet with the how quha will ga.
That I have told heir of thy freinds twa.

Riches

OF PEBLIS.

Richt nor quodcowyfe Carme hor freind,
Of hir foirsaid with the will never leind,
And quhen that thow art laid into thy hole,
Thy heid will be na hyer than thy sole:
And than quhair is thy Cod, couche or cap,
Baith goun and hude had wynd the for to hap:
Nocht bot pane theit is on thy body bair
And as thow hes done heir so findis thow thair.

Luhabis meruit be the third freind.

THIS third freind quhome will we cal Cat fit,
Nocht ellis bot Almost deid and chertie.
The quhilk freind answered with words sweit,
Of me as freind suppose thow lytle leit.
Yit for the lyke quantance that we had,
Sen that I se the in stour sa sharpli stad,
Luhair ever thow ga in eird or art,
With the my freindschip sall I never part.
Luhair ever thou ga suppose a thowsand schore the
Ewin I thy Almost deid sall ga befoir the
For as thow seis watter dois Moklin fyre,
Sa do I Almost deid the Judges ire.
Thairfoir gud folkes be exampil we se,
That thair is nane thes of thy freindis thre:
To ony man that may do gude bot ane,
Almost deid that it be schrudlie tane.
Into this warld of it we lat lichtly
Throw fleshely lust fulfillit with folly.
Luhill all our tyme in fantasy be tint,
And than to mend we may do nocht bot mint
It for to do we have na tyme nor grace,
Thus this eird quhill we have tithe and space.
Than cumis deid haue done, do fort thy det,
Cum on away the carle is at the zet.
Than will we say with mony wofull wis
Allace allace be tyme had within this
Sould have done penance, fast and pray,
And delt my guds in almis deids alway.
Thair fore my counsall is that we mend,
And lyffin wobit all to the latter end

Merey Tailes

quhilk schortly was smitten in in the heill with ane Arrow quairfoir incontinent hee fell down almost deid. quairfoir ane of his fellowis said, art thow he that art al hart, & for so lyttil a schaik in the heill wouart almost deid. To whom hee answered and said, by cockis soul I am al hart, legs, bodye, heeles and all, Thairfoir ouchtnot to fer quhen he is schaken to the hart."

¶ The Courteour that did, &c

A certain Marchant and a courtier wer sitting togither at a table at dinner, having a hot custard before them. This courtier being sumquhat homely of manners, takes a spoonefull of the custard, and puts it in his mouth quhilk was so hote, yat it maid his eyes so water. This marchant lukking on him thought that hee had wepit, and asked the Courtier quhy he wepit. This Courteour not willing to be knowen that hee had burnt his mouth with the hote custard answered and said, Sir quod he I weip becaus I had a brother

follows from fo. 118 of C. Bannatyne

Merry Tailes

Marchant perceiving how hee had beguyled him, and scorned him said, Marie quod he, I wish because you was not hanged quhe the Brother was hanged.

¶ Of three points belanging, &c

A young man that was disyrous to have a wyfe, came to a cumpanie of wyse Philosophers, quhilk was gathered togeither, requyring them to, give him sum instruction, how he might chuse him such a wyfe that was no Shrewe. The Philosophers with grit studie and deliberatioun determined & shawed this man that thair was three speciall pointes quharby he sulde surelie knowe gif a woman was a Shrewe. The first point is gif a woman have a shryl voice, scho is a shrew. The second point is, that if a woman have a scharpe nose, then most commonly scho is a Shrew, the third point is yat never did mis, that is scho weare a cuschie he may be sure scho is a Shrewe.

Finis.

OF PEBLIS

And syne to keip us fra the sinnes fevin,
That we may win the hie blys of hevin.
And thus out of this warld that we may win.
But shame or dolt or deidly sin:
And than speikis the father wa ful tyte,
This quyle tale sir I trow God will yow quyte.

FINIS.

The Printer of this present treatise hes (according to the Kings Majesties Licence granit to him) printit sindrie uther delectabill Discourses undernamit, viz as are

David Lindesayes Play — Philotus
Freirs of Berwick &c. — Bibo

Quhilk are to be sauld in his Buith at the West side of Auld Rowdy closehead on the North side of the Gate, ane lychtt above the Salt-hors.

God save the King and Queene.